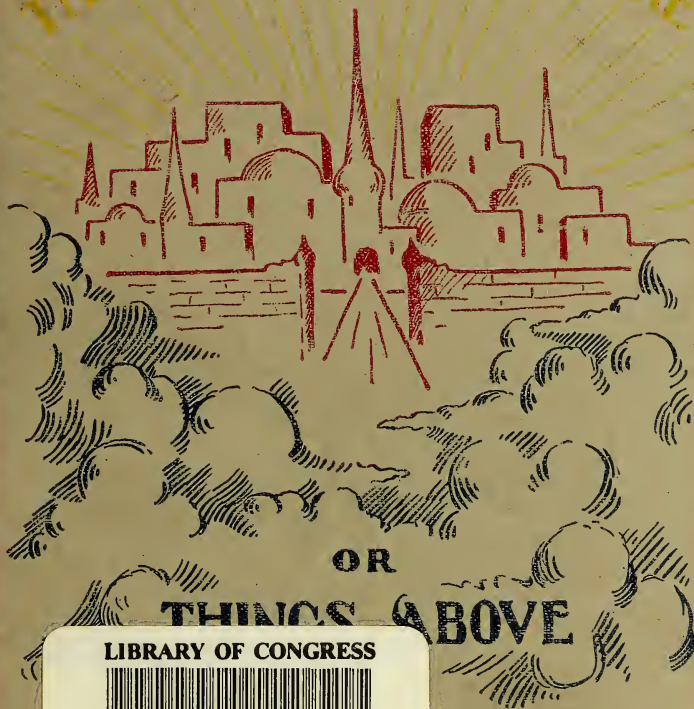


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THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE



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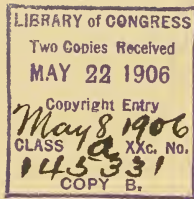
THE CITY
THAT
Lieth Four-Square
OR
THINGS ABOVE

By ALFRED KUMMER
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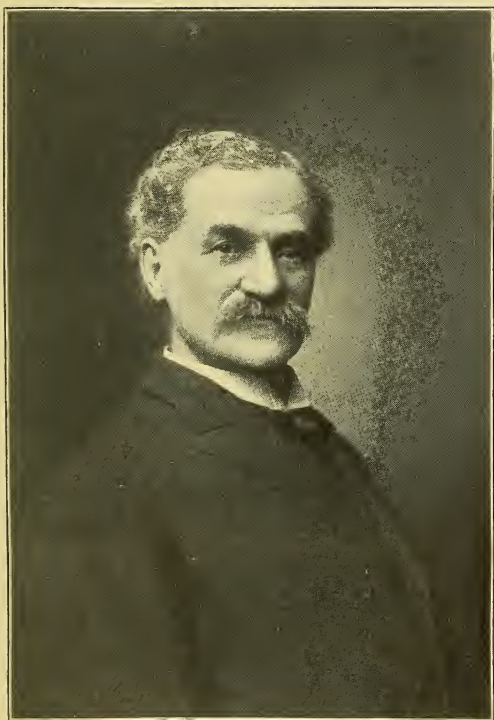


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DEDICATION.

To my Brothers in the ministry, whose chief function it is, by personal example, and by the preaching of the Word, to lift the thoughts and lives of men to "the things which are above"; and to all followers of "the King immortal invisible"; but especially to those who, if they look up at all, must look through clouds and tears, this book is prayerfully and affectionately

DEDICATED.



REV. ALFRED KUMMER.

FOREWORD.

THE century upon which we have just entered promises to be quite as materialistic as the one just gone, and still more given to scientific and material developments than any of its predecessors. The age is eminently practical and utilitarian. It is everywhere affirmed that no one knows anything about Heaven, or "the things which are above"; that John's vision is only a dream full of inexplicable mysteries; that to write about these things, is simply to speculate, and to produce nothing either worthy or helpful; that it is the nature of presumption to lift the veil and to peer into that which is mysterious and apocalyptic; that people should be instructed in the affairs of this world, and that Heaven, and dying, and "the things above," will take care of themselves as a natural sequence of right living.

But, on the contrary, there are millions of people who, while in this world, are not of it; they claim citizenship in the world of which I have written; they are daily "searching the Scriptures to see whether these things be so"; they daily address a Being who is supposed to have His chief residence in "The City That Lieth Four-Square." He has gone to "prepare a place" for these, His "peculiar people." It is for these I have chiefly written. The first twenty chapters treat of such matters, revealed and speculative, in which the saints have always been deeply interested; into the twenty-first chapter I have gathered some of the poetic gems that adorn our literature, and will help and comfort, and inspire all who will read them. It is the hope of the author that his book will be helpful to all who read it, but especially to those who are called upon to walk in the deep valleys from which the sunlight, for the time being, may be excluded.

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THE IMPERFECTION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

"IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE."

"No Star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been;
Since Good, though only thought, has life and breath,
God's life—can always be redeemed from death;
And evil, in its nature, is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away;
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the truer life, and this the dream."

—A. A. Procter

CHAPTER I.

THE IMPERFECTION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

“FOR now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.”—I. Cor. XII., 12.

In the Revised Version, this passage is translated, “For now we see in a mirror darkly, (or enigmatically,) but then face to face.”

Is it any wonder that our knowledge of Heaven is imperfect? We are living now in the land of shadows; soon shall come for us all the transition into the land of realities. What knowledge we have, aside from direct revelation, of the invisible, is such as is more or less clearly suggested by the visible. Thus, also, from the natural we draw our inferences in regard to the spiritual. Our ideas of the eternal are always and necessarily strongly tintured, not to say tainted, by our ideas of the temporal. This is what is meant by “seeing in a mirror”; we see reflections and shadows only. While by “seeing face to face” is meant that we shall see the things themselves; that we shall see them as they really are.

But why marvel at the obscurity of revelation? that shadows and clouds close in “The City Four-Square”? Is there not more or less obscurity in all knowledge? Even in the objective sciences, in the fields of knowledge most thoroughly explored, and best known? How darkly, for example, did the early astronomers see astronomical data now clearly known by every school-boy; how far beyond their wildest dreams the astronomical facts now recorded in every almanac. But all that is now known of the starry firmament is nothing more than the alphabet with which the glowing chapters of the heavens are yet to be written. We see, as yet, through glasses, or lenses, darkly.

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Electricity as a remarkable phenomenon, was known to Thales 600 years before Christ, and its wonderful properties and uses have been discovered at long intervals, and have required such men as Galvani, Faraday, Franklin, Bell, Edison, Marconi, and a long line like them. For centuries the electric science was a dark one, and later, an art full of dark riddles, of profound problems, and yielding reluctantly every spark of light. And even now, when electric wires girdle the globe, conducting the current through the oceans and seas, since this mysterious force has turned darkness into light, since we have the modern marvels of the telegraph, telephone, phonograph, and wireless telegraphy,—shall we say that we have exhausted the possibilities of electricity? Its applications have been multiplied, but its ultimate nature no one understands, no, not even its chief wizard, Mr. Thomas Edison. Revelations still more remarkable would cause us little surprise, for, as the world grows older, we learn the lesson of the Scripture which stands at the head of this chapter, and never expect to have perfect mastery of any force of this world, or to understand its ultimate nature.

In the subjective sciences we are confronted by the same law. Long and earnestly have men striven to discover and classify the laws of thought, emotion and character. Many systems of philosophy have been devised; some have lived longer than others, but most of them have fallen into decay, and all have changed as time has brought clearer or more abundant light. Thus has knowledge always been fragmentary; we know only in part, and we can, therefore, teach only in part.

In all this, however, we discover an admirable design upon the part of our Creator. For, with such fragmentary knowledge, with this mere taste of the Peirean Spring, we thirst more and more for its crystal waters, we hunger all the more for the bread of Truth, and thus have men

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enriched not only the arts and sciences, commerce and letters by their discoveries, but they have, meantime been brought into intimate contact with the laws of God, they have been made to feel the infinity of His perfections, the finiteness but wonderful and delightful expansibility of their own talents and capacities.

If now we turn to social problems, we shall find the same law. How intricate, how complicated beyond all solution is the so-called Labor Problem. It is easy to say that the Golden Rule is its only solution, but how to work it out in practical life,—who tells? How shall intemperance be destroyed root and branch? Can anyone propound anything more than a mere theory? No satisfactory, practicable answer has yet been found. Legislatures, ecclesiastical organizations have fulminated against it, moral suasion, men with their logic, and women with their tears, have all alike failed thus far to give a workable and effective answer. And intemperance, in this, the first decade of the 20th century of the year of grace, is more wide-spread, more diabolical, more brazen, more ruinous than ever.

So, too, in the “providences of God,” to “reconcile the ways of God to man,” we have no adequate light. Mere reason cannot satisfactorily explain these providences, wars, famines, plagues, conflagrations, and disasters: doubtless, in many instances they subserve the divine purpose, but, usually in ways beyond human cognizance.

Even matters of revelation and faith are more or less beclouded; not that there is doubt in faith, for “he that doubteth is condemned,” but we cannot know the “how” or the “why” of many things we steadfastly believe. Heaven with its employments and joys, our resurrection bodies, the appearance and character of angelic beings, the Holy Trinity, the blessed Incarnation; but vision is clarified by contemplation, and hence the chapters that follow.

However, it must not be forgotten that there are many

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matters of spiritual knowledge and faith which we may discern with the utmost clearness: all those matters upon which our duty, our usefulness and serenity depend; our natural sinfulness, the divine remedy in the blood of Jesus Christ, the witness of the Holy Spirit, our conscious and present salvation, our brightening hopes of Heaven,—here we are, as God's children, in the realm of certainties. "Whereas I once was blind now I see." I know that I see. A hungry man eats though he may not be able to explain the processes of digestion and assimilation. A well man walks, and a bird flies though they cannot explain the muscular movements, gravitation, the correllation of forces involved in flying and walking.

The mirror in which we must study "the things which are above," may be polished to a high degree, so that we are able to see them more clearly, if not fully, in their true self and relations. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." A French writer has said regretfully, "There is in each of us a poet that died young." But it is the characteristic of Christianity, with its holy faith and hope, to renew our faculties, to clear our vision, to give us inspiration, and keep young this "inborn poet," with all the dewy freshness of youth. The fountain that Ponce de Leon sought for in vain is the fountain that was opened for sin and uncleanness in the House of King David. It is by this "washing of regeneration," by the beatific vision that the "inborn poet" is kept alive to the extreme verge of this life.

To resume the figure of the Revised Version, the mirror is tarnished by the false theories of men; because men do not "reason together with God," but in selfish and darkening isolation. One of these false theories is that no attention need be paid in youth to the formation of the moral and spiritual character; whatever the indifference, vices and ignorance of youth, there is a wide-spread supposition,

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acted on by parents and children, that, as the years go by and maturity comes, our characters will become what they ought to be, and that by evolutionary processes, we will become in thought and life what we should be. This is an assumption that has blinded many thousands, and finally cheated them of happiness here, and of Heaven yonder. Another mistake, the converse of the one just named, is to suppose that the adult character is unchangeable; that men with fixed habits must forever be controlled by such habits; that the iron mould cannot be broken; that what we are in youth and middle life we must be forever. Away with such sophistries and delusions! Evil habits are rust that tarnish the mirror; will-power, combined with sincere prayer which always brings the help of God, will remove such tarnish, and the young will learn that as one sows so also must he reap, but, nevertheless, that God and human will combined are stronger than any habit, and that a poorly constructed edifice may be taken down, and plucked up by the roots, and a new and better one be made to take its place.

Narrowness and bigotry blind the race; we are deluded by our prejudices and partisanship. In chromo-lithography, the paper, or canvas upon which the picture is to be printed, passes from stone to stone over a long series of lithographs, and from each it receives an impression different from all the others, and by the combination of all these impressions and colors, and in that way alone, can the pleasing lithograph, in its graceful outlines and varying colors, be produced. Let us be open to truth from whatever source it may come. A true man is larger than his creed, his political party; he can see more than one colour, and takes every possible impression from truth; a blind man makes a poor guide, and a craw-fish a poor geometer.

But nothing so tarnishes the mirror upon which we are now dependent for our knowledge of "the things which are

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above," as sin. Sin is like the interposition of an opaque body between the only source of light and ourselves. It shuts us up within ourselves; it closes our eyes so that we cannot see the beauties of God and His truth; it stops our ears so that we cannot hear the music of the spheres; it paralyzes our hands so that we cannot give the grip of sympathy and love; it petrifies our hearts so that we cannot believe, for, "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

In this introductory chapter, I am endeavoring to set forth some of the principles which will enable us to understand the general argument of this book, and to see clearly, which is the duty of us all. As I have named a few things that tarnish the mirror, which cause the "inborn poet," to age prematurely, so I shall now briefly mention a few by means of which the mirror may be polished, and the reflection made almost as clear as the original.

Truth is kaleidoscopic, and must be viewed from every possible angle. No one has seen any truth who has seen only one side of it. No one has seen Niagara Falls who has seen it from the American side only, or from the Canadian side only, or from the river below, or the river above, or from a balloon only. He who has seen it from the greatest number of view-points, by night as well as by day, other things being equal, has seen it best, and has the truest conception of that waning miracle of rocks, water, mist, clouds, rainbows, and lunar-bows. He has the best conceptions of God, duty, Heaven, of "the things which are above," who has found the logical, ethical, moral, spiritual, experimental, and all other view-points, and has honestly given himself up to the holy influences which, meantime, have crept into his being.

Another great mistake which the ordinary reader or observer makes, is the superficiality of his vision; his lack of steadfastness of gaze. We are hurried tourists when it

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comes to the spiritual universe, rather than ardent microscopic and telescopic students. We pass rapidly and heedlessly over the spiritual marvels that surround us, and, therefore, do not see the lessons which would unfold themselves under a more earnest and protracted gaze. I am not sure, but I think it is the now venerable Dr. Cuyler who said: "In one of the picture galleries in Germany, there is a painting called "Cloudland." It hangs at the end of a long gallery, and, at first sight, it looks like a huge, repulsive daub of confused color, without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it, the picture begins to take shape. It proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces, like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's Sistine Madonna. If you come close to the picture you see only an innumerable company of little angels and cherubim.

How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused and repulsive mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But if that soul, instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, would only draw up near to God, it would soon discover that the cloud was full of angels of mercy.

In one cherub face it would see: "Whom I love I chasten." Another angel would say: "All things work together for good to them that love God." In still another sweet face, the heavenly words are coming forth: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." "In my Father's house are many mansions." "Where I am, there shall ye be also."

To clarify vision, try the experiment of pleasing God rather than men. The path of duty is a straight path through the crooked ways of this world. Let any man follow any other path; let him endeavor so to live as to please all men; let him forget God and duty, and he will, sooner or later, find himself upon a path of endless windings and twistings and intersections, and in such entanglements

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that extrication is well-nigh an impossibility; and he will find, too, at the end, that he has failed both in pleasing his fellow-men and his God. What a lamentable failure is that! But duty, while not always an easy road, is always safe, and leads directly to the face, and to the glory, of God.

Neither can we understand this world, or the world to come, unless we consider each in the light of the other. Nothing aids one more in solving a problem than to get into the design of the maker of the problem; to see the purpose of the author in its construction,—then, assuming his standpoint, and reversing the order of his synthesis we attain to a clear solution, or analysis. No one can explain this world from the standpoint of this world alone. No one can understand Heaven unless he allows the light of this world to shine upon it. God gave us this life from His standpoint of the eternal, “the things which are above,” and it is only when we place ourselves at His side, when we remember our immortality, that we are free moral agents, that we have been redeemed, made heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ,—looking at our life here from these lofty planes, we can then see moral and spiritual realities in unobscured light. When Farragut, the great commodore, steamed up Mobile bay, he had to pass, at the entrance of that bay, forts Gaines and Morgan; but, lashing two of his vessels together, and, climbing to the main-top of his flagship, the Hartford, he so directed the battle that the forts were soon silenced, and his formidable antagonist, the great iron ram, the Tennessee, lowered the bars and stripes.

If we would see clearly, in the fierce conflicts of life, we must get out of, and above, the clouds. Ah, if we could but stand high enough, how clear and radiant would all things be. Even the dark chapters of our own lives, so inexplicable to our best faith and philosophy; but the morning is coming; we shall see Him “face to face”; yonder in the East are rosy

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tints brightening into white, luminous light. Patience, brother, darkness shall flee away, riddles shall be solved, meantime we walk by faith sublime, a faith which never misleads us.

Early one summer morning, a party of us commenced the ascent of a mountain; we were going east, hence the shadows were upon us, but our train bore us gradually but surely up the mountain's side, through the mists and clouds, by the side of frightful precipices, through black tunnels, over high and quaking bridges,—but we knew that we were ascending, and we knew, too, that upon the other side of the mountain range, the sun was shining, and that “the god of day” was climbing to meet us upon the summit of the mountains. So, we sped on and still on above the mists of the valley now far beneath us, above the clouds even, our landscape becoming more and more extended until, when noon came, we had reached the summit, and the sun stood in the full and unobscured glories of his meridian splendors, and we could now plainly see what a magnificent triumph of engineering it was to lift a train of cars from the valleys below to the lofty altitude where we stood in rapture.

My brother-pilgrim, let us climb on and up, though we have no train to lift us out of this “vale of tears.” Let us climb by hope and faith, by holy endeavor, knowing full well that the sun is shining on the other side, that the gates of “The Four-Square City” are all open: on the East for the admission of those who come in the morning of life, whom Jesus took in His arms, and said: “Of such is the kingdom of Heaven”; on the West that even those who come late, at the eleventh hour, may still be admitted; on the North that the cold and astute, the cultured and ceremonious, may find a place of entrance; on the South that the impulsive and informal, the sensational and enthusiastic may not be excluded; knowing, too, that when we

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shall have reached the summit of this life, the full light will then burst upon us. Death is not in a valley; it is on a mountain peak of rapture and vision; it is where the glory of Eternity kisses away the darkness of Time. On that lofty peak and far beyond, if not before, we shall know why it was necessary for us to pass through the blinding mists, the dark tunnels, over the quaking bridges, by the side of such frightful chasms; then, too, how we shall admire, how we shall praise, love and adore the skill and power, the divine guidance that have brought us up "out of great tribulation, and made us white in the blood of the Lamb," and exalted us into undreamt-of light, and to heights supernal.

LOOK UP.

THE SENSES OF THE SPIRIT.

I see, I taste, I touch and smell,
O God, thou makest all things well,—
I hear the music of the spheres,
My senses thrill, my soul reveres.

FAITH is the calm and brilliant eye
Which mirrors all the extended sky,—
It looks beyond, afar, above,
It kindles into flames of love.

The voice of God, OBEDIENCE hears,
That voice commands the rolling spheres:
How sweet to hearken and obey,
To walk with God the heavenly way.

Washed in the blood, the soul is PURE,
The beatific visions lure
Us on the Mount of God to climb,
Where joys abide most sweet, sublime.

LOVE is the glorious sun on high,
That melts the rocks, and dries the eye;
Love is the fire that warms us here,
Burns up our sins, dispels all fear.

HOPE sees the silver lining bright,
And beautifies each cloud of night;
Hope anchors us to God's white throne,
While Heaven smiles,—we're not alone.

FAITH, HOPE and LOVE, with PURITY,
OBEDIENCE,—these senses free,
Look up to God; to heavenly things,
And lift the soul on tireless wings.

CHAPTER II.

LOOK UP.

THIS book is a study of some of the things which are above. We forget what is above in our excessive interest in what is beneath and around us. There is much below us that we must see and handle. There is much about us that thrills us and compels our attention and holds it. Our feet are both firmly planted in the soil of this world. Our hands naturally hang down by our side and are not easily held long above the head. Our eyes even, more easily look down than straight out in horizontal lines, or upwards toward the zenith. The whole force of gravitation on this planet draws us towards its center; on this planet we must live, and from it we cannot rise; in it we bury all we prize, and are ourselves buried at last. What we eat and drink and wear is all from below. Our business, our travels, our friends, our enterprises, our pleasures,—all pertain to the earth and require no upward sweep of the vision. Our affections even, our hopes and faith are inextricably blended with the things of this world.

Thus we see that we have a strong affinity for this world; we are “of the earth earthy.” It is natural for us to love the flowers, the birds, our habitat, the beauties, in their almost infinite variety, of inanimate nature; neither is there any law, human or divine, against such love or affinity, and I have not forgotten: “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.” There is danger of unconscious pantheistic worship, or unconscious naturalism, of deistic materialism. Our philosophy, all our science is materialistic; commercialism and restless, unsatisfied socialism is the key-note of the beginning of this century, but will

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not be of its close. No motto is more needed than the one of a great young people's society of these days:—"Look up and Lift up."

Into the midst of this condition, this reducing everything to practical utilities, this unholy ambition to become millionaires, multi-millionaires and billionaires, the voice of God is sharply thrown as a discordant note:—"Love not the world, neither the things that are of the world." "If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." "Set your affection on things which are above, and not on things which are on the earth."

These are clarion notes, but unheeded by most men. The Word of God everywhere treats man, and of man, as a spirit, as an immortal being. He is dealt with in harmony with that sublime statement found in the first chapter of the first book in the Bible: "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him." He was created "in righteousness and true holiness." Such terms are not at all applicable to man's body, but only to his spirit.

Man was made to look up; he is not a quadruped, but a biped. His head is held aloft; it crowns the marvellous frame-work of his body. Man is not a burrowing-owl that makes its stolen home with the prairie-dogs under the ground; nor the cuckoo that lays its eggs in a nest built by other feathered architects; but man has the instinct of home; he is the great home-builder; he builds and beautifies for himself his earthly residence, and gathers into it all his most highly-prized treasures.

He is never to be a vagrant, never to be without a home,—a home here, and a Home hereafter, how inspiring the thought! From the home here he is at once to enter into the "mansion" prepared for him by the Architect of this universe. All true men have this home instinct, this upward trend and ambition.

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No; man is not the burrowing-owl that steals a home from other animals more industrious than himself, but he is rather like the eagle whose home is far aloft, in some inaccessible height, unapproached, and inapproachable by the haunts of other animals, and who never seems to be so happy as when soaring above all mists and clouds, with his unblenched eye fixed upon the orb of day; with ease he maintains himself in the purest and sweetest air that is to be found only in the lofty altitudes where he loves to soar and spend most of his time. It is no wonder that an inspired poet wrote:—"They that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." That was a wise child who could so readily classify the Emperor William when he asked the school-children to what kingdom he belonged; they had already said, in answer to his interrogatories, that the crystal belongs to the mineral kingdom; the flower to the vegetable kingdom." "But," asks the king, "to what kingdom do I belong?" Shall the answer be: "To the animal kingdom?" The trap has been artfully set by the king. That is always the answer of the world. But a wise child, herself the best type of the Kingdom of Heaven, answered: "You belong to the Kingdom of God."

Man has a dual nature. By his body and his five senses he is related to and connected with this earth. But, by his spirit, by his real ego, and by his five spiritual senses he is related to, and connected with God. The eyes can be lifted, even if it does require a little more effort than to look down; the hands may reach up and grasp and hold to that which is above with a steady, unyielding grasp; the feet, one at a time, may be lifted from the ground to which they are so germane, and, by means of ladders, they may lift the whole body to higher levels.

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“We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have hands and feet to climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.”

Man, has indeed, a physical environment which, as we have seen, fascinates and holds him in thrall; it is often a most pleasing bondage. This environment pours in upon him through five avenues of his body: sight, hearing, smell, taste and feeling. Millions of God's creatures know no higher bliss than that which they receive through these “golden pipes.”

But there is also a true and easily recognizable spiritual environment; more real, more satisfying, more elevating than that which appeals to the physical side of our dual nature. And, as man has five physical senses, so he has also, at least five spiritual: they are Faith, Love, Purity, Obedience and Hope. Through these he is able to come into sympathetic, intelligent and conscious correspondence with his spiritual environment.

What is this environment? What are the “things which are above?” Their location is not a matter of geography, or topography. They are simply supernatural things, and do not, nor can they, appeal to any of the physical senses. They all appertain to man's spiritual and intellectual being rather than to his physical. They are God, love, peace, gentleness, goodness, righteousness, truth, holiness,—all the “fruits of the Spirit,” the Holy Trinity, and all that emanates from that glorious Personality; our future abode, our manner of life there, angels and redeemed men, in short,—all that pertains to spiritual life and potencies, and the means of their attainment and fruition. Whenever we meditate upon these things, when we strive after them, then are we “looking up,” for these are all above the natural man. He cannot think upon them, much less can he personate and exemplify

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them, without rising in the scale of life, without having the "more abundant life."

While our limits will not admit of an extended discussion of the spiritual senses, we cannot refrain from writing a few sentences on these marvellous means of coming into touch with the things which are above.

Faith is the eye of the soul. It sees, in the spiritual realm, what our eyes see of beauty, of form and color, of vastness and sublimity, in the natural world. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "He that cometh to Him must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Faith looks up and forward. It looks at spiritual potencies, and trusts them. Faith is related to Truth in the same way that the organ of vision is related to light. Each is indispensable to the other. Each acts as a tonic to the other. Faith embraces truth, and it is the truth thus incarnated that makes men free. Faith gives serenity, and reduces to practical experience all the promises of the Father. Some one has truly and aptly given us this joyous note:—

"The little birds trust God, for they go singing
From northern woods where autumn winds have blown;
With joyous faith their trackless pathway winging
To summer lands of song, afar, unknown.

And if He cares for them through wintry weather,
And will not disappoint one little bird,
Will He not be as true a Heavenly Father
To every soul who trusts His holy word?

Let us go singing, then, and not go sighing,
Since we are sure "our times are in His hand,"
Why should we weep, and call it dying?
'Tis only flitting to a Summer Land."

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Whittier, too, sings the lesson of faith, as he learned it from the birds, and well he may, for the little ruby-throated humming-bird that measures only two inches across its extended wings, flies through the "desert and illimitable air," from Central America to the coasts of Labrador and back again every year:—

"There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless air thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will guide my steps aright."

Purity is another of the soul's senses. "The pure in heart shall see God." The beatific vision is limited to him who has "clean hands, and a pure heart." It is he that "shall ascend into the hill of the Lord," where alone the beatific vision may be had. If we have not spiritual purity we are not, therefore, disqualified from seeing many things that are quite worth the while, but we are positively thus disqualified from seeing God. The law is as infallible as any in optics, as that the angle of incidence is equal to angle of reflection. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

Obedience, too, is an avenue which opens up direct communication between the human soul and its God. "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." It is always "the willing and obedient that eat the fat of the land." Obedience implies the surrender of our will to the will of God. It is in this way only that you can know the will of another, and enter into the interior of

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his life. This antagonizing our own wills when they are in conflict with the divine will, this crucifying of self, this putting of the dagger of self-denial to the very core of our being, is the most difficult thing we are called upon to do in the whole range of our ethical and spiritual lives, but it must be done if we would know the mind of Christ, and the good will of God. This is what is meant by "walking with God," as Enoch did. "Can two walk together except they be agreed"? "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith, (or obedience) of the Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

"But we never can prove the delights of His love
Until all on the altar we lay:
For the favor He shows, and the joys He bestows,
Are for those who will trust and obey."

Love is another, the most sensitive avenue between God and man. "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." Love and obedience are vitally related, and they are both eternal; they will never pass away. Faith will finally be lost in sight; hope will dissolve in sweet fruition, but love and obedience and purity are fundamental and eternal. Love is the first and the last word of Christian experience; it is always and forever "more love," and there can be nothing higher.

Love is of God, for "God is Love." Fear and love cannot co-exist, for "perfect love casteth out all fear." Man's love is fickle, but God's love is constant; the love of man is but a feeble reflection of God's love, as the moon's light is but reflected sunlight; it is a drop out of a boundless and exhaustless ocean. Love makes us love not only the lovely but the unlovely as well. Love opens our eyes to the virtues of men and women; to the value of their souls; it discovers

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worth and merit where Hate and Indifference see only the reprehensible. Love never wearies; it labors on like Jacob for a long-delayed Rachel. Love bridges every chasm, and marches bravely over all social distinctions and conventionalisms, and unites a royal Jonathan, of the king's family, and heir to a throne, to a humble shepherd-boy from the country sheep-cote, and places royal robes upon his shoulders. Love solves the deepest spiritual problems, and helps us to classify ourselves as well as others; "for we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God."

The most nervous, the most compact, the most fecund sentences that have ever been written or spoken are those which attempt to describe love. No sentence can be found in any language into which have been crowded eleven such stupendous thoughts as are found in John III., 16. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

1. GOD: the eternal, omniscient, omnipotent, glorious, unfathomable, ubiquitous,—Heaven's chief, attraction, and the cause and center of all pure bliss.

2. LOVE: all sweetness, all goodness, all tenderness, all peace and purity are in love, and love is the very essence of the divine Being.

3. SO: O, the height and depth, the length and breadth of that little word of two letters! No plummet can sound its depths, no imagination, however gifted, can scale its heights.

4. WORLD, an inexhaustible repository of material things, and the residence of at least fifteen hundred millions of human beings or spiritual personalities.

5. GAVE:—this is the very essence of Christianity. God

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gave His Son; the Son gave Himself; the Holy Ghost gives Himself constantly, and you, too, must give yourself, or you can have no part in the system which is one strictly of giving. No word in the language goes nearer to the very heart of Christianity than this word.

6. HIS ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON: He is the radiant and central Personality of all the ages. As Richter said: "The purest among the mighty and the mightiest among the pure, who, with His pierced hand, has lifted empires from their foundations, turned the streams of history into new channels, and still continues to rule and to guide the ages."

7. WHOSOEVER: Blessed, comprehensive word, worthy to stand in this marvellous aggregation of words,—deep as sin and hell, high as Heaven and Love; broad enough to take in the writer and the reader of these lines.—All glory be to the Holy Trinity.

8. BELIEVE: Faith is the most potent, the first and the last, the most pervasive of all the human elements of our salvation.

9. LIFE: All life, "the more abundant life," immortality. Who can unravel the mysteries of life? Its origin, its transmission, its phenomena, its futurity?

10. DEATH: The saddest of all words, but here a vanishing, paling word, like the shadow of a dark night before the dawning of a glorious morning. Death is swallowed up of Life. "O, Death, where is thy sting? O, Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but, thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

11. ETERNAL: We have to do, in all these words, with immeasurable increments, with unending duration, and with the greatest spiritual potencies in the universe.

Even the logical particle which introduces this matchless sentence is full of meaning, and the only preposition, *in*, is much more than a mere connective; we believe *on* Him as

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one may suspend himself by a rope over a yawning chasm; but, more than that, deeper and sweeter, we believe *in* Him; we believe ourselves into Him, into His life, into His wounds, His love, His sorrows and felicities.

These, then, my dear reader, are a few of the preliminary thoughts concerning the "things which are above." They are to guide us in the chapters which follow. It is the earnest and sincere prayer of the writer that his little book may be conducive to heavenly-mindedness, that it may help somewhat in bridging the many chasms of life; that it may throw a ray of light into the many dark corners of this life; that it may sweeten the bitter cups that must be pressed to the lips of all; that it may stimulate a spirit of devotion, brighten the hopes, clear the eye of faith, produce a more perfect obedience, aid in perfecting thy love, and in making thy purity white as the driven snow, by the blessings of God, thy prayers, the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit, and the radiant, indwelling presence of the divine Christ.

"For what abides that we should look on here?

The heavens are better than this earth below,
They are of more account and far more dear;

We will look up, for all most sweet and fair,
Most pure, most excellent, is garnered there."

HEAVEN INDESCRIBABLE.

“Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul;
The appearance instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city; boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth
Far sinking into splendour—without end.
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars,—illumination of all gems.
O, ’twas an unimaginable sight.”

—*Wordsworth.*

CHAPTER III.

HEAVEN INDESCRIBABLE.

THE question has often come to our hearts and minds, "Why has so little been revealed to us of Heaven?" Why do so many questions remain unanswered by the Word? Why is there not more detail in Revelation, especially concerning our future abode and destiny?

Anyone, however, who will make a special study of the Bible, will be surprised at the volume of revelations made, and also at the large number of details that are given us concerning "Yonderland."

Again: if all were told us, our faith would be staggered; such revelation would be incredible. "Neither would they believe though one should arise from the dead." The divine wisdom of the Book and its heavenly origin are shown in nothing better than in the fact that its Author knows human nature perfectly, and has adapted both the quantity and the quality of revealed truth to man as he is now constituted, and to his present relations.

"Now we see through a glass darkly," (and it is better so,) "but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." All human knowledge is fragmentary that there may be more room for faith, and that there may be a spur to our mental industry. "But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

Often there are glories here, and sorrows, too, that are well-nigh insufferable. Just now, on this 30th day of December, I look out of my study window upon the newly-fallen snow which covers everything in unbroken and immaculate whiteness, each flake retaining its crystalline structure in the rare, cold air; above, notwithstanding the

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cold, the brilliant, full-orbed sun shines from a cloudless sky, and every snow-crystal sparkles and glows like a first-water diamond, so that the eyes are dazzled and blinded by the insufferable light, and automatically seek the protection of nature's curtains dropped down over the contracted pupils. So it would be if Heaven's full glory were revealed; we could not bear it; there must new adjustments first be made; our spirits must first have a new enswathement. Sometimes we feel that it is long waiting, and, with Wesley, we cry:—

“O, would He more of Heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God they seek,
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at His grace
Through all eternity.”

There must first be not only bodily, but a spiritual adjustment. The former will, doubtless, be instantaneous, and awaits us in the future in our resurrection bodies. However, Ulrici taught that we already have our spiritual bodies, that they now are the enswathement of our spirits; this theory was defended by Joseph Cook, taught by Bishop Randolph S. Foster, and is held by many thinkers and saints. But the latter, that is our spiritual adjustment, must go on every day in our increasing fervency, our brightening hopes, our more conquering faith, and our more immaculate purity.

It is a principle of human nature to attempt the impossible. Thus it has often been found that the impossible is not so, and some of the most helpful books, the most practical inventions, and most brilliant discoveries have crowned the faith and efforts of brave men and women who have dared

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to attempt the "impossible." Who shall describe Heaven for us? While millions of our fellow-men have entered the "City That Lieth Four-Square," yet not one of them has been permitted to return, and tell us what he has seen and felt and heard in that delectable City. And who else is competent? Yet we join the number of those who have essayed the delightful task.

But, on the threshold, we feel with Bernard of Cluny, when he sang:

"Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare."

The Word of Revelation must be our chief guide, for it abounds with more than hints; there are parables and descriptions, visions and dreams; intimations of Heaven run through warp and woof of the unimpeachable Book like threads of glittering gold. In fact, every form of rhetorical figure, simile and metaphor, trope and hyperbole, parable as well as unadorned language and sober description are all employed by the inspired writers to reveal that which has not entered the mind of man to conceive.

Then, too, since language is such an inadequate vehicle of thought, since colors, paints and brush, and, in this special case, the painter, too, is unequal to his mighty task,—to attempt to describe Heaven seems like the attempt

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw perfume on the violet,

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To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light,
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish."

But the fascination is upon us; as sunshine draws the plant or flower to itself, so are we drawn by "the things which are above." "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto myself." Let us look at some of the many suggestive figures by which Heaven is represented. It is spoken of as a

BANQUET.

In this metaphor the appeal is to the hungry pilgrim, faint and famishing on the dusty roadside of life. He may surely sit down "some sweet day," at His Father's table, and have such an abundance of spiritual and physical goods as millionaires and kings have been accustomed to all their lives here in their palaces and banquet-halls. There have been always, and there are still, in many places, hungry men and women and children. Millions have never known what it is to have a full meal, to eat to satiety. How terrible it is to be hungry, to famish and starve! Material hunger is a fit type of soul-hunger. More are starving their souls than their bodies, and soul-hunger is more direful, more lasting in its results than physical starvation. But there "they shall hunger no more neither thirst any more, for the Lamb upon the throne shall feed them."

HEAVEN AN INHERITANCE.

Here the appeal is to those who have never had Fortune smile upon them. No rich relative has ever left them anything. Never have they been able to enjoy the luxuries which come to those only who have wealth, or a competence.

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Many of the fortunes of this world have come down and increased through the generations; they have been inherited, and they argue no special virtue in those who possess and control them. The instinct of possession is innate; the desire to make acquisitions is normal and honorable; it is, at the same time, the most dangerous and inspiring principle of human nature. "The love of money is a root (German, *eine Wurzel*) of all evil, and it is, at the same time, the main-spring of all business life and aggressiveness. A very old, and a very rich man was asked why he toiled so hard for wealth when he knew that he was already rich, and that he might now take his ease, and that others would surely spend that which he had labored so hard to amass? He replied: "If they find as much pleasure in spending my savings as I have had in their acquisition, they are very welcome to spend them all." Heaven is the true Savings' Bank where we may, and where all the truly wise, do lay up their treasures; it is the only safe Bank, "where moth and rust do no corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." Wise men, or those who have spiritual thrift, make accumulations now for their inheritance and enjoyment in the future.

HEAVEN A KINGDOM.

Perhaps no thought is sweeter than the thought of power. To sit upon a throne, even if it be only the throne of one's own being; to be king of all your faculties, passions and desires: to rule your own spirit,—what an exquisite spiritual delight! "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." But the promise to the saints is that they shall sit upon thrones, and exercise sovereignty over the myriads of God's known and unknown realms. They shall have crowns for their brows and scepters for their hands, like the veritable kings and queens they are.

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“Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of the heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.”

HEAVEN A PARADISE.

That is, it is a place; a place of physical delights, for we must hold to the materiality of Heaven; a spiritualized materiality is much more satisfactory to all the requirements of conscious existence than our present mode of life and environment, however satisfactory that may be, and these are good bodies, and this is a good world. Paradise means rivers and fountains; it means fruits and flowers, singing birds and happy angels; it means blazing but mellow light, and health-giving, ozonic atmosphere; it means crowns with glorious stars corruscating with mingling colors and lights; it means “white stones” and golden harps, and all possible musical instruments and unknown devices for the production of musical sounds as still an inadequate expression of the deeper music forever singing itself in the ecstatic soul. Paradise! It means constellations, planets and suns, a universe to explore as we shall see in coming chapters. Who shall describe for us the Paradise of God? Its climate, its beauties, its riches, its angels, who have “kept their first estate”? its blood-washed millions, its cherubim and seraphim, its myriads of children who have never known sin, its Presence divine, its Holy Trinity,—all throbbing with conscious existence, “the more abundant life,” and thrilling with physical, intellectual and spiritual potencies more and more as the cycles of eternity roll on? Well may Faber sing:—

“O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who would not crave for rest?
Who would not seek that happy land

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Where they that love are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy light."

HEAVEN A TEMPLE, A SANCTUARY.

Not unfrequently is Heaven declared to be a Temple, a Sanctuary. By this suggestive figure is brought to our minds that employment on earth which has been the most helpful and sweet of all our earthly engagements. The spirit of every true Christian is always that of David when he sang:—

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple."

Just as, by nature, we have the instinct of immortality, or of acquisition, so man has the instinct of worship, and will have it forever; that instinct is the consummate flower and adornment of his spiritual nature; it is the turning of the creature to his Creator; the child putting his little hand into the almighty hand of the Father.

The giving of thanks, the outward and physical expression of the mighty tide of gratitude and praise that will forever surge through his redeemed and glorified personality, will be perfectly germane to his being and environments. And while this may not touch some as nearly (who, still, through God's abundant grace, may gain admission to the Celestial

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City) as others, yet it is an essential part of the being and character and the employment of every true child of God, no matter in what world he may have his residence.

Thus, in these few descriptions, selected from many, we can see how language is strained, metaphor crowded even by the inspired writers, to make known that which is essentially unknowable; that which must, in the final analysis, be known only in experience. Honey is sweet, but only he who tastes it can know its flavor and sweetness. The joys of fatherhood, or motherhood can be known only by the paternal and maternal hearts. There is positively no royal road.

To describe Heaven would be to paint Christ; it would be the finite grasping and comprehending the Infinite.

Our Christ is greater than man's mind;
To highest beauty all are blind;
God's glory we can never see
Till from the carnal we are free.
The ant that hurries o'er the wall
Of Rome's Saint Peter's, or St. Paul,
What can it know of wall alone
From turret to foundation stone?
Of altars, organs, paintings, Dome,
Of thoughts, of saints,—Devotion's home?
What canst thou know, an ant to rove—
Of God, His universe, His Love?
From yonder sky a meteor fell,—
With it canst thou Creation tell?
We know in part, we teach in part,—
The truly wise have humble heart.
What can Icelandic beings know
Of Florida? The Eskimo
Who never saw but snow and ice,
Of fields of bloom, of fruits and spice?

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While thus we attempt to get into our minds and hearts this heavenly message, the characteristics of the "Place prepared," we must bear in mind that "the half has never yet been told," nor can it be by student, philosopher, commentator, or poet. We can, however, show by citations from the Holy Scriptures, that this is not a work of the imagination, but, rather, that I have gathered only a few flowers that bloom in the fair field of Revelation; or, that, if I may be permitted to change the figure, I have brought from the picture-galleries which constitute the Bible, only a few of the most conspicuous paintings which we cannot study without profit, without an exaltation of the spirit which tends to fit us for the heavenly inheritance. For "every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself even as He is pure."

Standing under El Capitan, or in the spray of the Yosemite Falls, or on Inspiration Point, in the Yellowstone Park, or in the midst of the Alps, or at the top of Haleakala, on Maui,—I have been dumb; yes, Heaven is indescribable.

In the early morning, and in the midst of the Grand Canon of the Colorado, Abbie A. Fairchild writes the following glowing description:—

At early dawn the Canyon
Was like a mighty sea;
A boundless, waveless silence,
A solemn mystery.

But when daylight broadened
Through that pure, crystal air,
What palaces and temples
Began to glimmer there!
As if some mighty sculptor,
With chisel, swift and true,
Carved portals, towers and statues
From that dim, yielding blue.

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Then glowed the splendid crimson,
Green, orange, pearly gray,
While amethystine purples
Deep down the chasm lay,
As if some fervent artist,
Bold, passionate and free,
Had set his palette grandly,
And painted lavishly.

Forever glows the pageant;
The sculpturesque design
Seems typical of silence,
And permanence divine,
As if high-souled musicians
Upon the canyon's brim
Had played cathedral organs,
And crystallized the hymn.
We know the Master Sculptor,
The Artist, true and free:
O, if earth shows such wonders,
What will high Heaven be?

Yes, our hearts may be deeply stirred, we may even adore,
and our raptured souls be "lost in wonder, love and praise,"
but even he that has lived in the midst of such natural
scenery can never describe it, how much less he who has
never seen it at all!

"Language is all inadequate,
Hearts are so deeply stirred!
Worship is all the soul can feel,—
God is the only word."

HEAVEN A PLACE AND A STATE.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control:
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncalled for,) but to live by law;
Acting the law we live by without fear."

—*Tennyson.*

'Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love.'

—*Scott.*

CHAPTER IV.

HEAVEN A PLACE AND A STATE.

"I AM the Bread of Life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."—JOHN 6:35.

"And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb."—REV. 21:14.

Let us get the idea well fixed in our minds that Heaven is a place just as truly as Boston, Chicago, or London, or this planet are places. "Heaven is a Prepared Place for a Prepared People." It may be a star, a planet, a constellation, or a group of suns and planets, but still and always, "a local habitation and a place." Then, there can be no doubt about at least, one chief, or Capital City, to describe which is, in part, the mission of this book. We shall find that an elaborate description of "The City That Lieth Four-Square" is given in the Bible. Numerous details of the Celestial City are set forth in the clearest and most satisfactory terms and descriptions.

Many people are idealists, visionaries; their ideas of Heaven are vague, misty and nebulous, and have little sympathy with, or affinity for, "crowns," and "harps of gold," "white stones," "jasper walls," "streets of pure gold clear as glass," "songs like the sound of many waters," and "hallelujahs" that fall upon enraptured ears as the summer rain falls on "a dry and thirsty land."

The Greek hero of the Odyssey, as he wanders in the nether world, gives us the Greek conception of Heaven, for he there meets his mother, and desires to embrace her, but when he extends his arms for that purpose, she passes through them like the substance of a dream, or like a shadow. The hero

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of the Odyssey, that man of wisdom, of brawn and sinew, a type of all realities, is bitterly disappointed with these evanescent shadows, with "substances" that it is impossible to embrace. Now, this Greek conception stands at the very antipodes of the Christian. See the Gospel of Luke, as follows: "And as they thus spake (the apostles in a closed room) Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them: 'Peace be unto you.' But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And He said unto them: 'Why are ye troubled? And why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me and see; for a spirit hath not FLESH AND BONES, as ye see me have.' And when He had thus spoken, He showed them His hands and His feet. And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, He said unto them: 'Have ye here any meat?' And they gave Him a piece of broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And He took it, and did eat before them."

How Ulysses would have rejoiced in such a Saviour, and in such a conception of future existence; in a mother whose pure spirit was shrined in a body like that of our Lord's after His resurrection.

This is a conception that satisfies us in any mode or place of existence,—a cognizable body; a body, however refined and spiritualized, that can hear and see, and has self-consciousness, that is tangible; that has, in short, all the qualities and powers it now possesses, (save its weaknesses,) and such super-added qualities as will enable it to move at will from planet to planet with the ease and speed of a ray of light; a body above all climatic conditions; that will be equally at home and in supreme comfort at the lowest and the highest temperatures, possessing all those powers and traits which will perfectly adapt it to its new habitat, its higher mode of being.

Away, then, with the Greek mythology, with a Dantean

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Hades, or Paradise, with the nebulous dreams of the idealist and visionary; we want the Heaven of Christ, the Heaven of reason and the Bible, with its literal revelation to be received in text and context, remembering too, that, though language may be figurative, it may still stand for the most tangible realities.

The body which our glorified spirit shall occupy, is described as having "incorruption," "glory," "power," as being "a spiritual body." "And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

We may not now be able to form a satisfactory conception of "spiritual matter"; it seems a contradiction of terms, but that is only the result of the limitations of our knowledge. Our thought is somewhat aided when we consider the different forms of matter, as we know it now in crystal, or jewel, or steel, or snow, or vapor; in world-stuff, in light, or air, or ether, for all are matter. Air, invisible and spirituelle, has recently, under high pressure, and by reducing it to a temperature of 312 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, been liquified; when we consider the indestructibility of matter, and the almost infinite variety of forms it assumes, and that there may be other forms that we know nothing about, we may still not be able to grasp the idea of "spiritualized matter," nor be able to understand such a body as our Lord's risen and ascending form,—yet, it is by such line of thinking that we are enabled to see that God need not depart very far from His ordinary methods of creation to give us bodies that are best described by the contradictory phrase which we have several times used in marks of quotation. All things are possible to Him within the range of His own being, will, and laws.

Our risen Lord walked forty days among men before His ascension; He walked and conversed with men; slept and ate with them, and was, if possible, more real and sympathetic

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than before His death and crucifixion. Incarnation has forever dignified man's body, from its conception to its death; Christ's resurrection is the promise of its spiritualization and final glorification. Human clay is dignified and made immortal. A religion that has no place for matter, here and hereafter, misses one of the fundamentals of Christianity. Man is all, body, soul and spirit, precious to God; his body is God's temple; "if any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy." Man has been redeemed in the trinity of his nature; redeemed, saved, sanctified, and he will be, finally, glorified.

In harmony with what has been written, Matthew Arnold said that "the ethereal body which awaits us must be as real as the beef-fattened frame of the East-end butcher. The life amid which it will move and live must be equipped, enriched and diversified in a fashion corresponding with earthly habits, but to an extent far beyond the narrow vivacities of our present being."

While Heaven is thus a place, we must hold with equal tenacity to the thought that it is a state also,—a state of the heart and mind and life,—of the entire personality. No one will ever pass through the "Gate of Pearl", who has not first passed through the narrower "Gate of Repentance" which stands at the beginning of the Path of Life. "Ye must be born again." That was spoken to a wise man by One who never deceived, whose precepts are all fundamental, germinal, essential. If we expect St. Peter, or some angel to open to us, the "Gate of Pearl," which will admit us to the Celestial City, we must first unbar the door of our stubborn hearts, and admit Him without whose abiding presence there can be no Heaven for anyone, or anywhere.

The greatest of all hymnologists has well sung:—

"Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,

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No changes of season or place
Could make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

Every consideration, both for the present and future life, urges us to open all our life, subjective and objective, for the admission of Him who alone can make for us a spiritual Heaven, and there is none other. He is a King, and with Him come royal honors, emoluments beyond all human conception, insuring us Heaven both as a place and a state, for He has gone "to prepare us a place," and His presence with us and in us, is Heaven forevermore.

Lift up, lift up the everlasting gates,
And let your King come in! Who is this King?
It is the King of Glory! He who lay
A Babe in Bethlehem on Christmas Morn:
O'er whom the angels sang in sweetest strains:
"To you is born this day a Saviour, Christ
The Lord!" "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
'Tis He of whom the prophet sang in verse
Sublime: "For unto us a child is born;
His name shall be called Wonderful, the Prince
Of Peace, and Counsellor, the Mighty God,
The Everlasting Father, and His reign
Of Peace shall never end."

Who is this King?

'Tis He who burst, resistlessly, the bars
Of Death, and opened wide the Gates of Pearl,
And let the light of Heaven stream to this world;
'Tis He who loves the race so well He shed
His blood, a ruddy stream, on Calvary,
To wash away the deepest stains of sin.

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Lift up, lift up the rusted bars, O hearts
Of men! O, men with hearts, and let your King
Come in! He stands, this best of days, and knocks;
Hark! How He knocks with pierced Hand; by all
Your radiant hopes of Heaven; by all your Past;
By every fragrant flower; by every star,
And sun, by dying Day and waking Morn.

Come, brother, friend, five bleeding wounds,
Whose eloquence of love the ages thrill,
They cry to thee in plaintive, sweetest tones:
Lift up the long-closed portals of thy life,
And let your Friend and King, this best of days,
Come in, that, henceforth, Peace and Heaven be thine.

Every person who has lived long enough in this world to become familiar with the psychology of life, with subjective life and introspection, with the movements of the emotions, the control of the passions, the extreme difficulty of bringing "every thought into subjection to Jesus Christ," the readiness of the imagination to carry us into forbidden realms, the *finesse* of temptation, the vastness and mysteries of the subjective world—such an one has learned, perhaps, by many bitter experiences, that one of the deepest truths of the great Teacher is His statement that "the kingdom of Heaven is within you," and the implied converse proposition that Hell, too, is subjective.

Given to a soul, reconciliation with his God, his conscience, his record, and his fellow-men; granted forgiveness and conscious integrity, and the indwelling presence of the divine Christ, and constant victory by His grace,—such a person may not yet be in Heaven as an environment, but, what is better, he has Heaven within as a subjective and radical condition, place him where you will. All else is mere environment; perhaps, I should not say, "mere environment,"

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For there is much in environment as related to our happiness, and much is made of it, as we have already seen, in the Book of God's Revelation. But there is forever more in a psychological Heaven than there can be in environment. The bitterest flames of Hell are in memory, in conscience, "the worm that dieth not," in spiritual darkness, in conscious and eternal separation from all that is good, or hopeful, or elevating, that is, from God; then, too, the torturing memory of "what might have been." On the other hand, without these same elements with which the fires of hell are kindled and maintained, there could be no Heaven. There is, therefore, much in the terse saying that "every man carries his own brimstone." Every man, too, carries his own Heaven. As no two men, though they may be standing side by side, can see the same rainbow, or painting, so no two persons, though they may be husband and wife, shall ever live in, or see the same Heaven, either subjectively, or objectively. But, nevertheless, the Christian has a Heaven here in which he may and does travel to one still higher and better. This is the spiritual Rock which follows us through all the deserts and thorny places of our pilgrimage. But it would be an inexcusable omission to ignore environment. Who that has lived, even for a short time, in the land of "sunshine, fruits and flowers," would, thereafter, choose to live in Greenland, or at the poles? Who that has lived in a great and beautiful city, like Washington, or Paris, would, thereafter, be content to live on the blistering plains of salt, or some trackless desert?

Heaven, as an environment, has been prepared by the Creator of all things, and will, for that reason, be absolutely perfect in itself, and in every possible adaptation.

Shall we not, gentle reader, before proceeding to the next chapter, tarry a moment for self-examination and meditation? Perchance for invocation and prayer to make sure of the state as being antecedent to all and most important.

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“Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.” Ah, this “kingdom of God,” is, after all, the alpha and omega; it endures all climates; it abides when all things else change and fail; it is subjective and spiritual; it resides in the will co-operating with the ever-ready, and ever-available grace of God; it resides in the choice of man, in his choices forever repeated and running parallel with the mind of God; it sings to us in the night time of our dreams and sorrows; fires cannot burn it, nor waters drown it; frosts cannot nip it nor famines starve it; its fragrant blooms are sure promises of coming golden harvests; the rack cannot break it, nor martyrdom hush its eloquent voice of praise and triumph; evil men cannot pluck it out of our bosoms by lies, persecutions and foul slanders; death and hell cannot dismay us, while Heaven glows with more than mortal brightness in our bosoms.

“When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll—
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well with my soul.”

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O, joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years doth in me breed
Perpetual benediction; not in deed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hopes still fluttering in his breast,—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for these obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, banishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized.

High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have the power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in their being
Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish, or destroy.
Hence in season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

—Wordsworth

CHAPTER V.

IMMORTALITY AND NATURE.

“If a man die, shall he live again?”

A THOUSAND years before Job, men were asking that question. It has not yet lost its newness, or fascination. Let us seek an answer, first, from such light as nature and analogy may shed upon it. We admit, at the outset, that the light of nature is not satisfactory like the light of Revelation, but, nevertheless, we hold stoutly to the proposition that both nature and reason answer the question of Job, and that their answer is an affirmative one.

Before proceeding to set forth some of the arguments suggested by nature, permit me to remind the reader that immortality is either the greatest of all blessings, or it is the greatest of all curses; whether it is the one of the other depends upon the character of the immortal being; some men, with Milton, must say, of their moral natures what he said of his physical condition:

“O, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Myself am hell.”

Shut up in the dark walls of sin, of selfishness, lust, of habits not to be broken by human power, what a curse to all such is immortality; it would have been better for them if they had never been born. To the good, upon the contrary, immortality is the chiefest of all blessings:—

“Immortal! Were but one immortal,
How would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?”

My first argument for immortality is founded upon man's universal conviction of immortality. See James Freeman

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Clarke's "Ten Great Religions." Especially, chapter XI. This conviction is common to all peoples and all times. It is found not only among the cultivated and refined, but among the half-civilized and barbarous nations of the earth. The doctrine of immortality is taught in the Vedas of the Hindus; if not directly taught by Confucius, it is by him taught by implication; among the Egyptians it was forcibly and variously presented, and their most elaborate funeral customs were founded upon it; we are familiar with the practices of the North American Indians, which were the outgrowth of this unvarying, subjective conviction. The Greenlanders have a heaven of perpetual summer: there is no night, plenty of good water, birds, fishes, and the like. Even among the Africans and Patagonians, you find the same convictions; so, likewise, among the cannibals of the South Sea and Hawaiian Islands long before the entrance of the missionaries. It is not my purpose to do more here than to state the fact in crude outline.

Whence came this conviction, and what is its significance? We affirm it as a principle in creation that when there is a common subjective conviction, there will always be found somewhere the corresponding objective reality. This is demanded by the character of the Creator. Where you find a fin, you will find water; the organ of sight is sufficient demonstration of the existence of light; where you find the organ of hearing, there, too, you will find sound; thirst and appetite argue the existence of food and drink; the lungs require and imply the being of atmospheric air; this law is applicable to all our wants, physical, mental, and spiritual. There is no exception. Therefore, by a parity of reasoning, we safely conclude that the Creator, who has uniformly and deeply implanted the instinct of immortality, as an original endowment, will never disappoint it, but that, "if a man die, he shall live again."

There are many phases of nature which, by analogy,

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teach the same beautiful lesson. We do not care to lay too much stress upon these, and yet these analogies are so numerous and striking that they strongly appeal not only to the poetic temperament, but also to our reason, and are not without value in the summation of the diverse arguments. The voices of nature may lack distinct emphasis, yet, in their harmony amidst all diversity, they proclaim man's immortality.

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruits,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade, and pass away—,
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May."

The succession of winter and summer, of day and night, the phenomena of nature, in general,—all seem to teach the same lesson. If matter is indestructible, much more so is the spirit. It is simply impossible to conceive of the annihilation of matter; it is easy to see how matter may change; it is changing before our eyes every moment of time, but not an atom of matter has ever been destroyed. As we cannot conceive any limit of space or time, so we cannot conceive of the annihilation of matter, or its non-existence. But spirit, in its very nature, is inherent and indestructible; it is of the very nature of God, for "God is a Spirit."

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Here is a worm, a repulsive thing, creeping in the dust; no one would care to touch it, since it is so loathsome a creature; it finds for itself some sheltered place, and, from a substance which exudes from its own body, spins for itself a cocoon, or silk-lined chrysalis, in which it spends the hours and days of winter. The child, or the unsophisticated will say: "it is dead." But when the soft winds of spring blow, when the rays of the sun shine warm and bright, this chrysalis opens at one end, and forth comes, not a repulsive worm which we last saw, but a butterfly, or, it may be, the Creco-pian moth, with its brilliant wings, its superb beauty; he rests for several days upon his broken prison, his "outgrown shell," waving his beautiful wings in the warm breeze of the fresh spring days, and then flies away into a higher realm he ever knew, and flits from flower to flower, gathering their sweets, revelling in their beauty,—emblem of our own immortality. Any child can see the analogies, and gather the lessons. We, too, now creep upon the earth; we are all grovelling materialists; our feet are planted all too firmly in the soil of this world; but the night of death comes down upon us; the chrysalis holds us until the morning of the Resurrection, when we spread the wings of our immortality, and enter upon higher realms than any we ever knew before, and sip the sweets from the flowers that bloom in the Paradise of God.

"O, listen, man,
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
Man, thou shalt never die; celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.
Thick, clustering orbs, and this, our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned sea,

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Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen ye, our spirits, drink it in
From all the air; 'tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating mid Day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step,
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears.
Night and the Dawn, bright Day, and thoughtful Eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast, mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, loving hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee;
The dying hear it, and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in the heavenly harmony."

The immortality of the soul may also be argued from the fact that all known changes of the body do not, in the least, diminish, or affect the consciousness of personal identity. The old theory was that every atom of the body is changed or renewed once every seven years, so that a person eighty years of age, must have had, at least, eleven different bodies, yet, during all these years he was conscious of being the same person; science now teaches that it does not require nearly so long for this complete bodily transformation, and by so much the argument for immortality is rendered still more probable. I have often seen wasting sickness reduce the body to a mere skeleton; I have seen other persons several of whose limbs had been amputated; we know the marvels of modern surgery,—and yet the essential being remains intact; memory is retentive, reason fully and firmly seated upon her throne, the imagination kindling to the brightest glow, and love intensified,—every power of the spirit at its highest and best. The argument is this: There is a strong presumption that the final change, which we call "death," and which, from the nature of the case, cannot be as great as

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the antecedent changes have been, will have no power to extinguish the spirit, since all the changes leading up to death have not, in the least degree, affected the life of the immortal spirit. In other words, if the body can die ten times without in the least affecting the life of the ego, the real personality, we may be sure that what we call "death", and which is no more, so far as the body is concerned, than any one of the ten deaths that have preceded, will not be able to take away, or even to weaken, in the slightest degree, the consciousness of our personal identity.

A fourth argument may be founded upon the apprehensions of the wicked. Why do the "wicked fear when no man pursueth?" What causes this fear and tremor when his secret is safe in his own bosom?

"Whence this knocking?

How is't with me when every noise appals me?"

Suicides are all too common, but they would be much more so but for this conviction of immortality; mighty is its unconscious influence over us all. Here, or later, somewhere, somehow, "Murder will out." "Be sure your sin will find you out." We may put Shakespeare side by side with the Bible, for the great delineator of human passions has well said:—

"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—

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The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to those we know not of."

It is the instinct of our immortality; an eternity-consciousness; we know it and feel it, though we may not be able to analyze it; it is a simple element, like oxygen, a primary truth that needs no demonstration.

Another argument rests upon the character and condition of all the powers of man; they voicelessly but eloquently proclaim their own immortality; they were made for unending progress; other animals soon reach their limits; the bird flies no more swiftly now than it did centuries ago; the dog has no more intelligence; no horse can be trained to trot a mile in a second;—all reach a limit of their powers, but man never does; there is no limit which he may not pass in his intellectual and spiritual accomplishments, no achievement, in any sphere which he may not eclipse. Besides, the majority of the race die in infancy or youth; the oldest have just begun to learn; they have but mastered the alphabet of existence; the foundations of intellectual and spiritual progress have been but laid ready for the vast superstructure. Do you lay the foundations of a building, carefully planned with reference to the superstructure, but cease with the foundation? Do you destroy the canvas before the painting is placed upon it? The statue just as it is revealing its beauty from the block of marble? Do you pluck up your fruit-tree, carefully reared, just when its fair blooms are ripening into fruitage? Neither does God, on a much larger scale, commit any of these supreme follies. Men may and do destroy themselves, and turn the blessings of immortality into nameless curses, but God designs that we should live forever, and, after this life, in

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conditions far more favorable than the highest and best the most favored have ever experienced here.

The argument of progress based on man's immortality, is one of limitless expansibility. His achievements that now everywhere crown this planet attest his powers: we need but endeavor to answer the question of the Psalmist: "What is man?" to see that "he was made a little lower than the angels," and that already he is "crowned with glory and honor." This argument is briefly elaborated in the chapters on the "Enjoyments," and the "Employments of Heaven," and need not be further dwelt upon here.

We must, therefore, live forever; whether we will it or not; we cannot destroy ourselves, and God will never put out the candle of our being. Physical life is under our control, but no dirk has ever been made keen enough, or long enough, and no poison sufficiently virulent, to reach the life of the soul. When cities shall be no more, when "the mountains shall melt with fervent heat," when empires and republics and earthly thrones shall cease, when suns and cycles shall have finished their course, when "stars themselves grow dim with age," you will live. Somewhere, beneath or above, or within the vortex of commotion, either singing the songs of the seraphs and of redeemed spirits, or, in bitterness, with hatred, malice and "everlasting contempt," cursing the day you were born,—you must live forever.

It is a solemn, thrilling thought, the full realization of which would startle us like the cry of fire at midnight. Prepare, O, brother, friend, not to die, but to live forever. Disobey God, walk in your own perversity, and you must still live, but it will be such a life as you would gladly terminate if it were in your power to do so.

But now, while the golden door of Opportunity stands open, while Reason is on her throne; while Conscience startles; while angels beckon; while Christ entreats, do ye

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wash your spiritual robes in the Fountain of eternal Life. Put on Christ, obey His holy precepts, and you shall not simply have life—but glorious, thrilling, the “more abundant life;” life amidst the splendours of Heaven; you shall move amidst principalities and powers, and with “the souls of just men made perfect”; palaces and thrones will be your inheritance; your fellowship will be with the gigantic intellects, and the royal souls of all the ages; you will fly more swiftly than a sunbeam from star to luminous star, and revel with body, intellect and spirit amid the untold and unexplored splendours and mysteries of this universe, every part of which is crammed with thought, mystery, beauty, the wisdom and the glory of our God.

IMMORTALITY AND REASON.

Not in vain, O brother, hath Song the spurs of enterprise,
Nor aimlessly panteth for adventure, waiting at the cave of mystery;
Not in vain the cup of curiosity, sweet and richly spiced,
Is ruby to the sight, and ambrosia to the taste, and redolent with all
 fragrance;
Thou shalt drink, and deeply, filling the mind with marvels,
Thou shalt watch no more, lingering, disappointed of thy hope;
Thou shalt roam where road is none, a traveller untrammelled,
Speeding, at a wish, emancipate, where stars are suns.

—*Tupper.*

CHAPTER VI.

IMMORTALITY AND REASON.

MATTER is indestructible; man's spirit is a unit; self is a unit. For the sake of studying spirit, we divide it into reason, memory, imagination, will, the passions, sensibilities, desires, but really, and subjectively, without any reference to the functions performed, the spirit is a unit, and, therefore, not capable of division; you think, therefore, you are; you are, therefore, you must be. You cannot even think yourself non-existent. The problem of doing so, is the problem of thinking of the bounds of space, or time; it is not possible to think of a place where there is no longer extent; or, of time past that was not preceded by time; nor, of time to come that shall not be followed by time *ad infinitum*.

All the analogies which look like destruction are illusive, delusive; sugar may disappear in water, or silver in acid, but have they ceased to exist? All things may be reduced to their constituent elements, but, beyond that, there is no reduction; the atom is the bed-rock beyond which it is impossible to advance in analysis; so, the human spirit is not further reducible; it is the bed-rock of all existence; heaven and earth, as such, may pass away, but the spirit must abide, the spirit of man, and the spirit of God who gave it.

Thought, too, is an endless chain. We want to know; we must know; thirst for knowledge is insatiable; we have limitless capacity for knowledge. The more we know the more we may know, and the easier acquisition becomes. This is a marvellous psychological fact, and an irrefutable argument for immortality. Shall we be thrust away at the beginning of the feast? Shall we not somewhere, somehow, after we have so laboriously acquired the alphabet,

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be permitted, and have the time, to read the literature of all existences? We cannot do more than master the alphabet in the longest life here; we learn the mastery of only a few tools; it will require immortality to perfect ourselves in the use of these, and then to go on in the mastery of others, in constructive work, in research, in acquisition.

Love, too, like knowledge, must have eternity for its fulfilment, or its perfection, its culmination. We theorize here about "perfect love," and we expect to be made perfect in this life in love; but such love is always limited by mundane conditions, and by human frailty. The more of this "perfect love" anyone possesses, the deeper will be his conviction that his adventurous bark has not yet sailed out into the midst of its boundless ocean. The attained must forever be simply a stepping-stone for the unattained. Every cry to God for purity, for perfection, for rest, for victory, is an argument for immortality. Love requires it.

The obverse side of this truth is worth looking at for a moment. The love of God requires our immortality. The fond mother has her babe upon her bosom; she loves it, truly, but she loves it more, with a stronger and purer love as the years glide on. She needs more than the babyhood of her child to develop and perfect her love for that spirit. Love is a ladder; babyhood is at the bottom of that ladder; it will require all the years of this life, and more, too, to touch the ascending rungs of that ladder, the heights of which have never been scaled by man.

Grant now, for a moment, some one has said, that death ends all, what sorrow does God inflict upon Himself by allowing the objects of His love to perish. Nay, what more than sorrow, what folly to train men to love, to lead them through years up to the point of mutual recognition and sympathy only to snuff them out of being.

It is as though a father should rear children until their love for him bloomed into full sweetness, and then dig

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graves into which he thrusts them while their hearts are springing to his, and his name is trembling upon lips that he smothers with eternal dust.

It is related of an Arab chief, whose laws forbade the rearing of his female offspring, that the only tears he ever shed were when his daughter brushed the dust from his beard as he buried her in a living grave. But where are the tears of God as He thrusts back into eternal stillness the hands that are stretched out to Him in dying faith? O, my dying Lord Jesus, Thine every tear-drop is full of immortality; Thy every wound proclaims it with an eloquence that causes the dead to come forth from their graves; Thy voice thrills thro' Heaven and earth proclaiming that death is no more. Thou art the very Prince of LIFE.

If death ends all, then did Jesus Christ die for a worm. If death ends all, then is this world nothing but an ever-yawning grave in which, like the Arab chief, the loving God buries His children with hopeless sorrow, mocking at once, their hopes, faith, and love, and denying every attribute of His own nature? The logic of the love of God is, that death does not end all.

Immortality is required, too, to meet the ends of justice. This life is all too short for that mighty, discriminating work which God only can perform, and with Him, a thousand years are but as a day. This life is a fragmentary, unfinished piece of moral work. Wrongs must be redressed, virtue rewarded, God's glory made manifest, and all His ways justified in the sight of angels and men. "Here a Nero is crowned and a St. Paul beheaded; a Borgia receives the tiara and a Savonarola is burned at the stake; Augustus wears the royal purple, and a Christ is crucified." Wicked selfishness rolls in wealth and uncounted millions, and virtuous poverty has scarcely enough to preserve life; too often "might makes right," and it is not the "survival of the fittest," but of the basest, and, for the time (and, O, how

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long that time,) the strongest. I cannot believe that vice will finally triumph. Who believes that a Booth, a Guiteau, and a Czolgosz can take the lives of three such men as Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, and Wm. McKinley, and stop forever their development? If such men as the three I have named, and whom all execrate, could do that, then the universe would not be in the hands of a just God, but, rather, it would be in the hands of devils. Look, too, at the "Trust," the "System" of to-day; the gigantic robberies, the millionaires and billionaires on the one hand, and the impoverished, the robbed, the paupers, on the other; look at the drunkards, the spend-thrifts, the parasites, and blood-suckers who rob their wives and children, torturing them by years of viciousness, and often taking their lives in deeds of violence,—is there but one destiny for all? Then is God not upon the throne, neither is He a God of mercy, or of justice. Existence is, thus, a logical necessity "to justify the ways of God to man," and to give all an opportunity to work out their real destiny, as it now exists only in germinal form, undeveloped yet in each one's personality.

As has already been suggested, if this life is all, then is man overfreighted morally and spiritually. There is also a disproportion between his sufferings, self-denial, crosses, on the one hand, and his emoluments, and rewards upon the other. Consider the freight of his being in his conscience, his mind, his love, and ambitions, his sensibilities and capacities,—these are too great for this life alone. You do not need a sledge-hammer, much less a trip-hammer if there is nothing larger or harder than hazel-nuts to crack. You do not need the Great Eastern, unless indeed, you have a cable that is to tie worlds together. The freight which man carries, implies, in its very nature and quantity, the port to which it is destined, and is prophetic of his immortality.

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Men grovel in doubt and fear, and have only dim hopes because they are not separated from this world to which they allow themselves to be bound by a thousand cords. We are too much like Milton's tawny lion clawing to lift our hinder parts out of the mud. We are of "the earth earthy," and, therefore, not capable of receiving this doctrine of immortality and life. When the wires on the African continent become covered with spider webs, they refuse to carry the electric current, and messages become an impossibility; relays of men are sent out to clear the wires of these webs which convey the electric energy to the earth. Thus are men and women, by a thousand delicate filaments, held to this earth, and lose the consciousness of their immortality. Those, however, whose affections are set upon the things which are above, who, like Enoch, walk with God, no more doubt their immortality than they do their present existence.

Man, shut in by the world, living in it, by it, and for it, like a caged bird that has never used its wings, thinks he has no wings, lives as though he had none. But, liberate your bird, open its cage some sunny day, push it out of the cage where it was born, and where it has always lived, and it will fly, pantingly at first, from twig to twig; later, from tree to tree, and over the mountains and continents, confidently, strongly, at last.

Bring the human soul into harmony with its God; let every thought be brought into subjection to Him; let purity of heart and life be the chief aim; let life be a life of self-denial, of service for others, of humility—such a person will always see God; he will walk in the God-consciousness as he does in the air he breathes; to prove immortality to him is to prove his own present, happy life.

The "clawing of the lion," perchance, must go on, but the divine Sculptor is helping, chiselling, away at us, and will, until the lion shall stand erect at last, no longer a part

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of the block from which he was cut, like the lion of Lucerne, but free with the least possible contact with this earth.

To doubt immortality is to reverse instinct; it is to reject the loftiest verdict of reason; it is to deny the Word of God, as we shall see in the next chapter; it is to decide against a universal instinct and hope; it is to withhold from humanity its loftiest inspiration; it is to wither all possibility of progress and achievement, and to blast the best hopes of mankind.

No, no, rather is Immortality a radiant maiden that, with a magic wand, overarches all the cemeteries of this earth with never-fading rainbows, scatters flowers on every coffin-lid, plants fragrant evergreens on every grave, sings the cheering songs of faith in every sick-room, and survives the wrecks of all our earthly visions and dreams.

IMMORTALITY AND THE BIBLE.

“THEN they that feared the Lord spake often to one another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man that spareth his own son that serveth him.”

“FOR me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you.”

CHAPTER VII.

IMMORTALITY AND THE BIBLE.

THE fact that immortality is taken for granted, in the Bible, as though it lay entirely beyond the necessity of demonstration, is one of the strongest arguments in its favor. Like the existence of God, it underlies, and is the very warp and woof, of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, and, therefore, needs no proof. It would be impossible to understand any of the great doctrines of the Bible, its most majestic facts and deeds without first granting the truth for which we contend. In the earliest verses of the Bible, we are told that man was created in the image of God. He stands above angelic ranks; above cherubim and seraphim, and next to the throne of God in point of endowments, capacities and honor.

Moses speaks of "the tree of life," and it is said of the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that they are not dead, for God "is not the God of the dead, but of the living." The laws of Moses against necromancy also imply man's immortality. The wise man says: "Then shall the dust return to dust, and the spirit to God who gave it." "In His presence there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand, there are pleasures forevermore." "When my strength and my heart faileth, God will be the strength of my heart, and my portion forevermore." It is said, when one of the "fathers" dies, that he is "gathered to his people," or that "he sleeps." "David slept with his fathers." Not that death is a sleep, as some teach, but that sleep does for the body what death does for the spirit of man. Sleep renews the lamp of physical life; it refreshes, invigorates; sleep links one day to another. So, death leads us into day eternal; it links this day to a better, brighter and eternal

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day; death is not entombment, nor a half-suppressed existence; the Bible teaches us that it is the gateway into life.

It would be impossible to explain the sacrifices, especially the great Sacrifice, worship, the prophecies, the promises, the threatenings of the Old Testament, without conceding first the truth of immortality. Many of the truths of the Bible would be entirely meaningless, others would be partially so, and still others would be foolish but for the startling truth of man's endless being. It is indirect proof like this which is more satisfactory than the most solemn and oft-repeated asseveration.

When Christ came, He found a great variety of theories among the Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, Stoics and Epicureans; but He said little concerning any of these theories. He, too, in all His teaching, took this doctrine for granted, and taught it, with few exceptions, by indirection rather than by sermon and philosophy. But all duties are, nevertheless, based upon it: obedience, self-denial, prayer, His sufferings, and death—all receive their full significance and consistency only in the light of it.

Christ believed and taught it. He was its most glorious revelation and full exponent, and its most unanswerable argument. In His humanity He cast Himself upon it without hesitation or reserve, and died with Paradise opening to receive His spirit; His last word upon the cross was based upon it, for He said to the expiring thief: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Death was no leap in the dark for Him, neither is it for any of His true disciples; it was not even a land of doubts and shadows, though an hour of indescribable anguish; but death, since His death and resurrection, is only a door leading into other mansions of God's great house.

Christ never made a mistake in any matter of conduct or ethics. You can safely rely upon a man who always tells you the truth. What shall we think of a man who will not

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believe the great Teacher? When the clearest eye that ever looked upon the things of this life, or pierced the heavens; when the keenest judgment that ever weighed moral issues, and fundamental principles; when the purest heart that ever throbbed with human sympathy and divine love; when the God-Man, by assumption and by direct and unequivocal statements, tells me that man is immortal,—what is my culpability, my pride, my presumption, if I disbelieve. What are the consequences of such unbelief?

The following are a few of the many citations that might be given, which directly, or by implication, teach the glorious truth:—

“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

“And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but, rather, fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.”

“But now is made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel.”

“In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you: and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.” This whole chapter, balm for millions of breaking hearts, must have the illumination of immortality, or it is, comparatively, meaningless.

Such chapters as the fifteenth of First Corinthians, such books as the book of Revelation; such scenes as the transfiguration, in which two worlds met; most of the parables, and many of Christ’s miracles,—depend upon this doctrine for their ethical value, their real beauty, their didactic force, and the light which they shed upon the pathway of life.

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Such phrases and words as "eternal life," "everlasting punishment," "Heaven," "Hell," "angels," "thrones," and many similar terms, are all radiant with this truth. Thus it is seen that immortality is not an aspiration of the devout, nor a guess of the wise, nor a dream of the poet, nor a conclusion of the logician, nor a speculation of the philosopher, but that it is at the very center and soul of God's world, order, and revelation.

Let us remember, too, that when Christ speaks of "eternal life," He means something more than mere future endless existence; He means the fulness and perfection of life. Life is not to be measured by the adding of days to days; that is the way to measure existence; but never the measure of life; life is measured by deeds, by thoughts, by progress. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and never performed a deed, or uttered a word, that was deemed worthy of record in the book which speaks of his birth and death; while Christ gave less than four years to His public ministry, but in that short time He filled the world with moral splendours, and has furnished the world of thought with sufficient seed-truth to occupy all succeeding generations in their unfolding. Life is only worth living when it is "hid with Christ in God." It is then that we have not only the mental conviction, but also the experience of immortality.

When we put our lives in harmony with the laws of God; when we begin to pray; to persist in prayer; when we put on the beautiful vestments of love, humility, self-denial, and service,—then, and not until then, do we begin to realize what life really is, that life which death can never touch.

The vision of the "Holy Waters," as given in the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, is only a picture of the swelling waters of eternal life; here we walk in them only ankle-deep, but all verdure and freshness and beauty are made by them even here in the moral and spiritual realm; but their

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depth, their real qualities we cannot know until we pass beyond the gates of this life.

The mission of Christ was to lift men from the dry soil and barrenness of existence into this flowing stream of life. Christ Himself is the actual fact of immortality. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Nature hints it, as we have seen; Reason amounts almost to a mathematical demonstration of its truth, but Christ is its most glorious, and perfectly satisfactory exponent.

In some of the cathedrals of Europe, on Christmas Eve, two small lights, typifying the divine and the human nature of Jesus, are gradually made to approach one another, until they meet and blend, forming one bright flame. Thus, in Christ, we have the blended lights of two worlds thrown upon human destiny.

Immortality is not an attainment, but "eternal life" is. How may I attain an abiding and a comforting sense of my immortality? Or, rather, how may I have life in Jesus Christ, and feel with the great apostle that the "life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me?"

I have already answered that question, but once more:—By humility, by "repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ"; by self-denial, by unworldliness, by spiritual thought, by devout aspiration, by silent but constant, unwearying communion with God; by open confession, by unconditional surrender to Jesus Christ.

GLIMPSES OF GOD'S UNIVERSE.

"THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

CHAPTER VIII.

GLIMPSES OF GOD'S UNIVERSE.

SOMEWHERE in this universe is "The City That Lieth Four-Square." No one can tell where it is. Some have thought that it would be on this re-juvenated earth; others, that it is in the center of the sun; others maintain that the earth will be destroyed by fire; that "heaven and earth shall pass away."

Before we study the City described by St. John, let us invoke the aid of the astronomers, look above and around us that we may learn something of the universe, of which this earth is such a microscopic part. Who can tell what God has made this universe for? Who can tell what its destiny will be? Has He made it to destroy it? As far as we know it is yet in its pristine youth. May we not, in the eternities, be permitted to range it, to explore its wonders, and solve myriads of its mysteries? Such is my faith and thine.

Before our promised excursion into the fair fields of astronomy, it is well for us to remember that what we see depends more upon what we are in character, education and culture than it does upon what may be in our environments. Two persons, standing side by side, under the canopy of the same heavens, or, by the side of the same painting, may see, and do see entirely different pictures. To see what Moses saw from the heights of the mountain, something more is necessary than merely to stand, topographically, where he stood; the past always projects itself into the future:—

"The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall see them all once more,
We look behind us for the Past,
And lo! 'tis all before."

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We must have had the personality of Moses, his experience, his trials and burdens and victories, to see what he saw from the top of Pisgah and gazing into the Promised Land. Heaven will be an eternal revelation since our growth in knowledge, in wisdom, our development into the likeness of Christ, will be like adding lenses of higher powers to a microscope, or the making of greater and better objectives for a telescope.

It is often the case that some object or scene which, really, has in it every element of beauty and sublimity has little fascination for us at first view. Have you not felt this as you have stood under Niagara Falls, or under grand old El Capitan, or on Vesuvius for the first time? But, given time for observation, for study, for reflection, for the expansion of the mind and the soul,—then have they laid hold upon you with a power and fascination that you could not, and had no desire to, shake off. Once, on Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands, I climbed to the rim of Haleakala, the mightiest extinct crater in the world. It was long before dawn when we reached the top, more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea that dashed itself into foam at the base of the mountain. There we witnessed the coming of Phœbus Apollo, the god of Day, driving his chariot here 200 miles per hour more rapidly than in the latitude of our own state; we saw the waning of the Morning Star in the fierce light of that Sun whose coming was heralded by a million flaming spear-points and shining darts that glistened in the horizon so as to dazzle and to blind our eyes, while the Southern Cross was paling, too, under the crescent moon, and both fading away into a milder, softer, but most alluring beauty. Culture, reverence, personal effort like that necessary in climbing a mountain, a pure soul, and an alert intellect,—these are the elements of true vision.

It is not the eye that sees, but the spirit that looks through the eye. But there are some things so essentially, so

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inherently majestic, or sublime, or vast, or beautiful, or all these combined, that no culture is necessary, to have, at least, some sense of these qualities; the untutored savage may and does feel them. If he be a normal being at all he must cry out with admiration. Not all depends upon the subjective; there is much in that which is purely objective in the mere atomic arrangement, in color, form, vastness motion.

But the highest and best effects are forever the result of a correspondence between the two, the material and the spiritual, a correspondence or coalescence of the spirit of the man with his environment; and here comes the thrilling thought that to all eternity I may be brought more and more into correspondence, into vital touch and sympathy with all the works of God, with His creatures, whether human or angelic, and also with the nature and being of God himself.

I need scarcely remind the reader that, at this point, in the presence of God's universe, what I can write is only the smallest letter of the alphabet with which a description of the universe might be written. Let the reader study such an astronomy as Newcome's, or Warren's "Recreations in Astronomy"; let him get a concept of the distances, volumes, motions, magnitudes, speed of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, the Sun; of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, with his rings and moons, of Uranus and Neptune,—the planetary system to which we all belong; then, with that as a foot rule, or scale, let him go out into space, and measure and weigh what he finds of the immeasurable and imponderable.

Let us now endeavor to form some feeble concept of the vastness and sublimity of the universe where we dwell, and will live forevermore. If we were to take our stand upon the top of some tall church steeple, and survey the landscape, and then remember that we would have to view 900,000 similar landscapes to get an approximately correct

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idea of the size of the earth, we are thus impressed with the vastness of the globe that has a circumference of 25,000 miles and a diameter of 8,000 miles. But if you were to place 500 earths like this side by side, Saturn's outermost ring would easily enclose them all. Or, if the sun were hollow, you could put into it, 300,000 planets like ours. If a human eye were capable every hour of looking upon a fresh measure of world material, 14,000 square kilometers large, that eye would need 55,000 years to overlook the surface of the sun. To reach the nearest fixed star, one must travel 33,000,000,000 kilometers, and if our speed of travel were equal to that of a cannon-ball, it would require five million years to reach our luminous destination.

On a clear night an ordinary human eye can discover about 1,000 stars in the northern hemisphere,—most of which send their light from distances which we cannot measure. How large must they be! Round these 1,000 stars circle fifty thousand other stars of various sizes. Besides single stars, we know of systems of stars moving round one another. Still we are but a short distance yet in space. Outside our limits of vision and imagination there are, no doubt, still larger spaces.

The Milky Way holds, probably, at least 20,191,000 stars; and, as each is a sun, we presume that sun is encircled by at least fifty planets. Counting up these figures, we arrive at the magnitude of 1,000,955,000 stars. A thousand million stars! Who can comprehend it? Still this is only a part of the universe. Modern telescopes have discovered more and similar Milky Ways still further off. We know of some 3,000 nebulae which represent Milky Ways like ours. Let us count 2,000 of them as being of the size of our Milky Way; then, 2,000 multiplied by 20,191,000 equals 40,382,000,000 suns, or 2,019,100,000,000 heavenly bodies. Suppose these bodies parading before our eyes, one per minute, it would require 3,940,000 years

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to finish the march, in all of which inconceivable time we would have to look upon them unceasingly.

Now, suppose a human being migrating from globe to globe, and spending fifty years on each, he would require 100,955,000,000,000 years for his round. If he staid only an hour, like modern globe-trotters, and who would be content with such a glimpse, he might save (?) much time but he would still need 230,400,000 years for the delightful tour, every moment of which would, of course, be brimful of interest and instruction.

But these nebulae are only a part of the universe. Outside the nebulae limits, we know of other nebulae not resolvable into stars. They appear to be primitive nebulae, pure, unused world-stuff, matter for new creations. Some of them occupy a space as large as the orbit of Uranus. Others are still larger. The one in Orion is estimated to be 2,200,000,000,000,000,000 times larger than the Sun. Are we come to the uttermost limits? Who dare affirm it? Probably we have come to our own present limitations. But the future with its new and superior instruments and scientific devices, will push these present limits still further into space.

Limits? Limits for space and time? Impossible. Then, who dare limit God who made both space and time and created the universe? Space and eternity are commensurate ideas, but God is greater than all. Wesley must have had the thought, when he sang:—

“O God, Thou bottomless abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O, height immense, what worlds suffice
Thy countless attributes to show.

Greatness unspeakable is Thine:
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,

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When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine
When earth and heaven have fled away."

Neither can anyone fix limits for man's possibilities of growth in knowledge, in wisdom, in happiness, in capacity, in God-likeness. Do we not, in all this, have more than a hint as to how we shall spend eternity?

Addison, with many other poets, expresses the same faith, when he sings:—

"Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue:
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise."

How charming is residence on this planet! What traveler has seen it all? Let your thought travel over it all,—what pleasure and instruction there would be in its full exploitation! Make a few changes in the body of man, and how he could revel in the delights of existence and life here in this world. Now, expand the thought to the universe of God: behold what lies before the human spirit residing in a spiritual body, with immortality, and all eternity to range, explore and learn that which transcends the finite.

Richter says that an angel once took a man and stripped him of his flesh, and lifted him up into space to show him the glory of the universe. When his flesh was taken away, the man ceased to be cowardly, and was ready to fly with the angel past galaxy after galaxy, and infinity after infinity. So man and angel passed on viewing the universe, until the sun was out of sight, until our solar system seemed like

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a speck of light against the black empyrean, and there was only darkness. And they looked onward, and in the infinities of light before, a speck of light appeared, and, suddenly, they were in the midst of rushing worlds. But they passed beyond that system, and beyond system after system, and infinity after infinity, until the human heart sank, and the man cried out: "End is there none of the universe of God?" The angel strengthened the man by words of counsel and courage, and they flew on again until the worlds left behind them were out of sight, and specks of light in advance were transformed as they approached them, into rushing systems; they moved over architraves of eternities, over pillars of immensities, over architecture of galaxies, unspeakable in dimensions and duration, and the human heart sank again, and cried out: "End is there none of the universe of God?" And all the stars echoed the question with amazement: "End is there none of the universe of God?" And this echo found no answer. They moved on again past immensities of immensities, and eternities of eternities, until in the dizziness of uncounted galaxies the human heart sank for the last time, and called out: "End is there none of the universe of God?" And again all the stars repeated the question, and the angel answered: "End is there none of the universe of God?" "Lo, also, there is no beginning!"

This paragraph may be the poetry of astronomy, but it is, at the same time, in perfect harmony with the laws of thought; for it is impossible to conceive either the end or the beginning of space, or duration; and God, our God, is above and behind and beyond both space and duration, and has peopled space with the fair creatures of his own omnipotence.

This poetry of astronomy is in harmony with fact and literalness, and why may it not be so with the chapters of Revelation which describe "The City that Lieth Four-

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Square?" And is it not, too, a plausible hypothesis that there are other Celestial Cities besides the one which John saw and described so elaborately? Within the immensities and galaxies for spirits and immortal bodies beyond the powers of temperatures to affect, may there not be "many mansions," and homes, the habitat of the saints, for God is just as near to each and all as to anyone that can be named.

I stood beneath the starry canopy;
It was the midnight hour; there was no moon,
But stars and planets, blazing nebulae,
And all the constellations glowing on the face
Of Night did shine and sparkle with such light,
With such unwonted brilliancy as I,
Enraptured, and with uplifted eyes,
Had ne'er observed before. I cannot name
Their varied lights of gold and fire, of blue,
Of silver bright; the Milky Way, a path
Of suns, each singing its Creator's praise;
Each, too, the home, perchance of those
Who loved and served their God with loyalty;
The "many mansions" these may be to draw
Us with their radiant beauty to the skies:
Who dare deny? A golden star our Home;
The Pleiades a Paradise, (who can disprove?)
For many happy souls may it not be
That yonder sparkling orbs the "mansions" are
Which He, for all who to the end endure,
Prepared in richness, splendours, magnitude,
Beyond the highest thought of man?

How calm
How true the Pole Star stands upon the brow
Of ebon night, while all the myriad hosts
Around it march, and sing the praise of God.
How many argonauts and mariners

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Have gazed upon its changeless face of hope,
And gathered courage for the storms that howl
Upon the seas. Columbus, with a faith
Like Abraham's, went forth to find new worlds,
Directed by its steady, central light;
*And if no world had been amid the seas,
Then had God said, and His creative power
Had swiftly caused a world, or continent
To spring to being, if for nothing else
Than to reward the faith of him who sailed
Atlantic's main, and found the fairest world,
And fertile soil for Freedom's hardy vine.

Thus hath God set His stars within the dome
Of night, that we might see His love and power.
And press to happy homes prepared for all
His saints; they beckon us; they lure us on.
Their light is not deceptive; still they tell
Of happy worlds above the cares of life:
"Have faith in God." The light of Heaven streams down
And glorifies the way on which erstwhile
We often walked with halting, weary feet.
Yes; yonder where I see the ruddy light,
Is Mars,—there may thy kingdom be, and throne.
Or, here where sweet Capella gives her light
Your safe retreat and happy dwelling-place
Through all the cycles of eternity.
We may not know, we cannot surely tell,
But in the universe's broad expanse,
Ablaze with light reflected from the suns
Invisible, with worlds on worlds untold,
Both large and small, in clusters beauteous,

* See Castelar's "Christopher Columbus."

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Or diamond solitaires, or married orbs,
He hath on these prepared for you and me
Our future homes and heavenly residence,
Sublime, divine, and shining with a light
Ineffable, reflecting evermore
The beauty and the wisdom of our God,
Whose ways unsearchable transcend the thoughts
Of man.

Perhaps, yon shrinking nebulae
Remote, unknown, unseen, may be my home,
Though far too grand, too large, however small,
For me, unworthy of His love and care;
My home, at first, and, later on, as more
Of God I learn, and as my thirsting soul
Refines, and more of love receives, reflects,
I may advance to fairer palaces
And ampler space for every thought and deed:
Promotion is the law of Heaven; advance,
Enlarge, augment, approach the sun whose light
Illumes the smallest orb that rolls in bliss
On fair Creation's rim.

Once more I look:
And now I see a flying orb; it speeds
Athwart the radiant spheres, and leaves a trail
Of light, as if it were a messenger
It speeds; as if in motion, action swift
And true, it sought a higher bliss, surcease
From loneliness; as if to fly, to shine,
To sing, to cut through Erebus a path
Of radiancy, were happiness replete.

A flash, a glimpse, a hint,—no more
Is given now, but many hints of Heaven
God gives in many ways, and this dear night,
Whose beauty marvellous so far transcends

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My feeble powers to tell,—declares
In eloquence above all poets' words,
That we shall shine, and stand, and fly from star
To luminous star, from world to rolling worlds,
And leave, where'er we go, a trail of joy,
Of light unfading, as the smile of God.
And we in groups of kindred spirits there
Shall dwell, the constellations all declare;
But, still, "a little while" we may withdraw
To be remote, alone with God; a star
Our "closet" to become.

And God hath said
That every holy wish shall be fulfilled;
"No tears," "no pain," but we shall live and love,
And serve and praise, and have companionships
As high as God, and sweet as bliss of Heaven.

ROOM IN HEAVEN.

'Tis God Who pours the living glow
Of light, creation's fountain head:
Forgive the praise, too mean and low,
Or from the living or the dead.
No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken,
No space can hold that awful Name;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken,—
Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same.
Language is dumb,—Imagination,
Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall;
They are irreverent profanation,
And Thou, O God, art all in all.

None, none can trace Thy course sublime,
For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The Splendour and the Source of Time,
The Eternal of Eternity.

—*Translation of John Bowring.*

CHAPTER IX.

ROOM IN HEAVEN.

"AFTER this, I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying:—'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' "

This world is a crowded place. People are tramping upon each other's heels. Populations are becoming more and more congested. The trouble is not that there is not sufficient room, but that it is unequally divided. The centralization of the masses, of wealth and of power is a striking characteristic of the century upon which we have just entered. Under a single roof in some of our great cities more than 3,000 souls have their existence; some of our modern buildings reach an altitude of more than 300 feet, and are populous from cellar to dome. Many millions of earth are panting for lack of room! In Genoa, in Rome, in other Italian cities, you may see in very narrow streets the swarming masses who were born there, who live there, and from thence are carried to their beautiful Campo Santos under the blue Italian skies which, in all their lives, they rarely if ever saw, or only as from a deep and narrow tunnel. Room, O give them room. Room to wander by pellucid streams, to hear the songs of the happy birds, to gather fragrant flowers from the fair fields of nature and of God. This condition is still more sharply accentuated in the more populous Orient.

The rich have no room for the poor, and often crowd them into the alleys, the stables, tenements and garrets. The

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poor often, by their own choice, lead lives that are narrowing and self-destructive. The rich must expand their own lives by helping the poor and the vicious, and these latter classes must, in some way, be taught that "godliness is profitable, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come." And this is still the greatest sociological problem of all the ages.

How pathetic, too, is the thought that when Jesus came to this earth there was no room even for Him at the public hostelry; no door opened to receive Him. During His life-time, while the foxes had holes in which they could hide, and the birds nests where they could rear their young, "He had not where to lay His head." In His last days, life narrowed down around Him until, with broken heart, He breathed it out, in direst agonies, on the narrow confines of a Roman cross. No room for Jesus at His birth; no room for Him in life, and scarcely could a sepulchre be found for His dead body; no room now in myriads of human hearts where most He loves to dwell.

Make room in your heart, dear reader,
Your Saviour would enter to-day;
Throw open your soul's firm portals,
Make room for His entrance to-day.

Every room in your being fling open,
Not one must be left in the gloom:
Wherever He enters is sunshine,
For Him do thou haste to make room.

A mansion is waiting, my brother,
In love He prepared it for thee:
Now thy heart be His palace forever,
Thus thy life will be happy and free.

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Let no cellar or garret exclude Him,
No parlor or chamber deny
The presence of Jesus, the Savior,
Who, in mercy, again passeth by.

If, however, certain changes, affecting our locomotion were made, then, there as here, there are almost infinite advantages in centralization, in the mingling of vast populations. Forevermore will there be large cities; they are required by human nature as we now know it; they are, too, it seems, a part of the divine plan. Hence, we are not surprised to find that there is, at least, one great Capital. The term, "Heaven", is generic, while "The City That Lieth Four-Square", is specific; there are, presumably, many other species of the same genus. This is the City that Jesus said He would go and prepare; a "City that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." "The City of many mansions." All who will be so fortunate as to achieve residence there, will find ample room, however crowded and hampered they may have been in their mortal lives; or, however vast their demesnes may have been on this planet.

Before we follow the angel that measured the Celestial City with a "golden reed," let us observe that we shall not be able to see Heaven in a single day, nor in many centuries, as we have shown in the chapter on "Glimpses of God's Universe." How long will it take to explore the "Four-Square City?" How long would it take to see all that is worth seeing in "the greatest city in the world," with its environs? How long would you take interest in studying Rome, Paris, Milan, Vienna, Brussels, with their environs, art, history, galleries, palaces, museums, libraries, cathedrals,—and under competent guides and instructors? Would a lifetime be sufficient? I trow not. How long would it take to examine exhaustively all the contents of the

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British Museum, the South Kensington, or our own Smithsonian Institute,—to know the history of each and every object, and all the ramifications of knowledge into which such studies would naturally lead?

But when we consider Heaven as taking in at least parts, if not all of the universe that lies beyond the “jasper walls,” then we may inquire how long would it take to explore and exploit and fathom all the beauties, all the facts in their well-nigh infinite variety that lie hidden in such places as the Yosemite Valley, the Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and a thousand other places of similar, if not of equal interest, on this little planet? This planet, is, indeed miniature, when compared with the other heavenly bodies which we already know, and the “largest city in this world,” is miniature when compared with the vastness and the populousness of the City of which we write.

It is said that “he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof. And the city lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.”

Twelve thousand furlongs equal fifteen hundred miles. The stories of its mansions and palaces may reach an altitude of that number of miles, for the statement is specifically made that the length and the breadth and the height are all the same. And why not? There will be no more difficulty in utilizing the height than either of the other dimensions in that spiritual state of existence where our bodies will have the levity of that of our ascending Lord.

The thought of such possible proximity to all that is best in the entire universe, thrills one with exquisite delight. How many and sad are the separations here! How unavoidable and tragic many of them are. Considerations of business, of health, of education, of usefulness and service are

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constantly rending families asunder, and leave them sad and broken. How glad are the few days of re-union, like Thanksgiving Day or Christmas! Heaven will be an eternal thanksgiving; it will be a perpetual Christmas,—a time of re-unions that will not be shadowed by the thought of approaching separations, many of them as sad as death itself. The “City of God” provides a mansion for each from the arrival of the first person from the Garden of Eden to the final closing of the “Gates of Pearl”, if, indeed, these gates are ever closed.

Let us now translate the work of the heavenly surveyor into the terms of human arithmetic:—

When we reduce the twelve thousand furlongs, or fifteen hundred miles into feet, we find that we have 4,448,556,283,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. That is, four and one-half septillion cubic feet. Let us now set aside $\frac{3}{4}$ of this vast space for parks, courts, streets, public buildings, gardens, for the Throne and Courts of God; thus we will have to deal with only $\frac{1}{4}$, or, with 1,112,039,072,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Suppose we allow 4,000 cubic feet for a room; this space, could, of course, be divided into any desired shape; for example, it would make a room 20 x 20 x 10; or, one 15 x 15 x 14, with 850 cubic feet to spare.

Let us now begin at the other side of our problem, and suppose that 500,000,000 people go to “The City that Lieth Four-Square” every year for 100,000 years; that is to say, a residence must be provided for fifty trillion (50,000,000,000,000) people. This, of course, from a human standpoint, is a very liberal estimate, since the inhabited world is less than six thousand years old, and must have been sparsely settled for many centuries, and even now, has less than sixteen hundred millions population. It has recently been shown, by the highest statistical authorities, that this estimate of the earth’s population is far too great.

When, then, it is proposed to prepare a sufficient number

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of rooms for fifty trillion people, we have in Revelation, a City large enough to meet this requirement more than five thousand fold, as we shall now see.

Dividing the one-fourth space by the number of cubic feet we have allowed for one room, (4,000) we have 278,034,768,000,000, the number of rooms at our disposal. Dividing this by fifty trillion, we have a quotient of 5,560, which equals the number of worlds like the above which could each send five hundred millions of souls for one hundred thousand years to the "Four-Square City." That is, to put it into one broad statement: 5,560 worlds could each send five hundred millions of souls for one hundred thousand years to the City of God, and, in one-fourth the space enclosed by the "jasper walls," each soul, man, woman, and child, could have a room of four thousand cubic feet. Or, if there were but one world, which is probably the case, then, according to the above computation, each could have a "mansion," with 5,560 rooms of the said size.

Room! Room! "Enough for each, enough for all, enough forevermore." Yes; there is room. The ample provisions of this great City correspond with the equally ample provisions of grace. "Whosoever will may come and take of the waters of life freely." "God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come unto Him, and be saved. It is no wonder that He stands, and calls:—"Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." Even the prophet, seven hundred years before Christ, knew that there was room both in the mercy of God, and in His Capital City:—"Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

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There is room for you, reader. Your space, your mansion, is actually awaiting you. Believe it. May you rise from the reading of this chapter, as I do from its writing, from the contemplation of these figures, more determined than ever, by the abundant and free grace of God, to occupy your niche among the millions who shall gather in that most joyful, most populous, most vast, most cosmopolitan, most interesting, most diverting and advantageous, and most permanent city in all the universe of God, "The City That Lieth Four-Square."

We have space to note only a few of the peculiarities of the City, which, at first, impress us as being very strange, and different from anything we now know of such places; for example, we read in Revelation, XXII., 4, "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

A city without our sun, the resplendent luminary of our planetary system! A city without the sun of any system! "The Lord God giveth them light." How can it be? How shall we dispense with the light of our sun? What shall be the nature of the light that takes its place? Observe, however, that a luminary is provided; that the City is not without light; in fact, "there shall be no night there," at all. The present astronomical arrangements shall, doubtless, be greatly modified, or there may be an entirely new order, "a new Heaven and a new earth," in which the Lord God Almighty shall be the only and all-sufficient luminary. How sweet will that light be! How soft, healing, and un-failing; never too much, never too little; in it we shall bask forever as we do now rarely in the light of the sun on some perfect spring day, or in the summer glory; but the days that are so rare now and here will be continuous there, and unbroken by any night.

Doubtless, there will be many surprises even to the

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astronomer, the devout scientist, to the most intelligent saint, theologian and philosopher. Surprises! New orders! What may they not be? It hath not entered into our minds to conceive even. Perhaps, new senses will be added to our faculties; the bee already, and the bird, have, as a sixth sense, that of location, else how could they ever find their home, or nest? Vision may become both microscopic and telescopic. The new things of earth serve to prepare us for the surprises to come. The liquefaction of air, the discovery of the Roentgen ray, wireless telegraphy, the applications of electricity to the conveyance of sound,—these are some of the marvels of recent years, and they are a prophecy of that which is to be in a higher and more refined and spiritual sense.

We may be sure that, whatever the light, it will be in every way more satisfactory than the present way of lighting this world. "There shall be no night." "Neither rest nor sleep will be necessary;" what we sing of "tireless pinions," may be something more than a poetic conception. It gives one profound joy to think of an unbroken, an uninterrupted existence and life; here, one-half of our time must be given to sleep and rest. What tired, sleepy, languid, mortals we are! A person of seventy-five years has slept at least twenty-five of them, and, counting the periods of infancy, childhood, and old age, it is safe to say that such a person has slept at least thirty years of his precious time. What a waste is this! Who that enjoys his being, who that really lives, would not wish to have this otherwise? And, hampered as we are, too, with disease and untoward climactic conditions, many of our waking hours are little better than a half-suppressed existence; often tired, sleepy, physically miserable. "In this we groan earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house from heaven."

Another peculiarity of this City is that there shall be no temple there. "And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord

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God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." How strange would a city appear to us without any church, or temple. And this, the greatest, the most eminently pious City in all God's worlds, every one of whose inhabitants is a saint, has no temple of any kind, or denomination. But hold; there is a temple, exceeding anything that man has ever dreamed of; in comparison to which the Taj Mahal, or St. Peter's, at Rome, are the veriest toys: "The Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." O, to see that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

Churches, synagogues, temples, as we know them, shall not be needed there. What are their functions here? What are the purposes they serve? They are largely places of sorrow, of mourning, of struggles, of sighs and tears. To them we carry our dead, and from them, in the saddest funeral corteges, with emblems of gloom and sorrow, we march to the cities of the dead. At their altars, in solemn marriage rites, we unite the lives of those who would build homes here; or, we baptize infants and adults if they promise to lead holy lives. They are places for strong intercessions and prayers and struggles; where men and women come to "mourners' benches," "penitent forms," or "inquiry rooms"; the places where the saints gather with drunkards and harlots, the licentious and the vile, the discouraged and outcasts,—fallen men and women, that they may be pointed to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," that they may wash in "the fountain for sin and uncleanness." When our churches, and the saints in them no longer do these works, then there is no longer any reason why they should exist even here. But not one of these functions can they perform in that land, or City where there are no tears, no temptations, no "marrying or giving in marriage," where there are no fallen, or evil, or drunkards or harlots, no "penitent forms,"—no need of

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churches there; the bivouacs, as they are here, of the temperance forces to fight the monster crime of all the ages.

Yet, Heaven has its temple. We shall there be more worshipful, more grateful, than here at our best estate; our hearts must almost burst with gratitude and rapture, and we shall surely join in the glorious company of apostles and martyrs and saints of all the ages in singing the "Hosannas" and "Halleluiahs" of our hearts, the song of "Moses and the Lamb."

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O, how beautiful that region,
And how fair that heavenly legion,
Where thus men and angels blend!
Glorious will that City be,
Full of deep tranquility,
Light and peace from end to end.
All the happy dwellers there
Shine in robes of purity,
Keep the laws of charity,
Bound in firmest unity.

CHAPTER X.

THE BEAUTY OF HEAVEN.

I HAVE already admitted that no one, inspired or uninspired, can describe the beauty of Heaven, and anyone who attempts to do so, attempts the impossible. Some parts, however, of the Celestial City are fully described, as, for example, the walls that surround it. They are commonly spoken of as "the jasper walls." In the seventeenth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, it is said of the angel surveyor who conversed with John, that "he measured the wall thereof an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel." "And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."

And the foundations of the walls of the City were garnished with all manner of precious stones. "The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth chrysoprasus; the eleventh a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was one pearl; and the street of the City was pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

Stuart says of these precious stones that there is a classification in their arrangement, a mixture not dissimilar to the rainbow, with the exception that it is more complex. Let us look at this foundation in the light of the knowledge we have of the gems that enter into its foundations.

Jasper is a beautiful bright green stone, sometimes clouded with white and spotted with red and yellow.

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Sapphire is of a beautiful azure, or sky-blue color, almost as transparent and glittering as a diamond.

Chalcedony is the name of a gem generally of a whitish, bluish, or smoky-green color, susceptible of a high and lovely polish. Some Greek manuscripts read "carbuncle," instead of "chalcedony." Carbuncle is "a very elegant gem of a deep red color with an admixture of scarlet. From its bright, lively color it had the name of 'carbunculus,' which signifies a little coal, because, when held up to the sun, it appears like a bright, burning coal."

Emerald is one of the most beautiful of all the gems, and has a bright green color, without any admixture.

Sardonyx is a precious stone exhibiting a milk-white variety of the chalcedony, intermingled with shades or stripes of sardian, or cornelian, (flesh-color.)

Sardius "is a precious stone of blood-red, and, sometimes of flesh-color."

Chrysolite is of a beautiful yellow color, and was so called by the ancients from its looking like a golden stone.

Beryl is of a bluish green, and is very brilliant.

Chrysoprasus is apple-green, and often extremely beautiful.

Jacinth is a precious stone of deep red with a mixture of yellow. It is the same as the hyacinet, or cinnamon stone.

Amethyst is a pure rock-crystal of a purplish violet color, and of great brilliancy.

These gems form the foundation of the walls of the City. The wall itself is a bright green, mingled with red and yellow. In addition to this, it is transparent, so that it will admit the rays of the different colors to pass through it, which emanate from the stones that form the foundation, for many of these stones emit light of themselves.

This radiant, glorious wall, blazing with an almost infinite variety of colors and beauty, with ever-varying,

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kaleidoscopic effects and whose twelve gates are each one solid pearl, is 264 feet in height. The gates seem to have no other purpose than to break the walls, and to add grace and beauty to them, for they are never shut, and they beautifully typify God's grace and mercy which are open day and night, and to all points of the compass and forevermore.

Hast thou already entered them by way of "the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness in the house of king David?" Hast thou? If not, then enter there first, and quickly, or thou mayest never even see the Gates of Pearl.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth, say, come. And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

When we remember who is the architect and builder of "The City That Lieth Four-Square," when we remember that He is the same who makes every brilliant summer's day, or the canopy of a luminous night; that it is He who made the beauties and sublimities and grandeurs of the Alps, of the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Niagaras, the Canyons, the Multnomahs and Staubbachs of this world,—then we know that every expectation and vision, every fond anticipation will be transcended and eclipsed by the beauties and glories of the Celestial City, by the "many mansions."

How often have we marvelled at the creations of man in painting, or sculpture, or tapestry, or architecture. Who would have the hardihood, the presumption to attempt a description of the "Marble Miracle" at Milano? A cathedral of 2,500 statues upon its exterior, and the third largest sacred edifice in the world? Or, who would dare to dip his brush into suitable colors and attempt to paint either of the world's great St. Pauls, the one in London, and the other outside the walls of Rome? Who, in the latter, could paint its eighty mighty Corinthian columns, forty on each side, forming the nave, and reflecting themselves in the

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polished marbles of the floor; or, its altar canopy supported by four pillars of Oriental alabaster, the gift of Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt? Or, the Grand Triumphal Arch which separates the nave from the transept? Or, its mosaic medallions of the popes from Peter down to the present incumbent of the pontifical chair? Or, its lovely court of the thirteenth century?

“Imperial splendour all the roof adorns,
Whose walls a monarch built to God, and graced
With golden pomp
With gold the beams he covered, that within
The light might emulate the beams of Morn;
Beneath the glittering ceiling pillars stand
Of Parian stone, in glorious ranks disposed.”

But this St. Paul's, like the other, is altogether the creation of man, from turret to foundation stone; it is the work of human architects and builders. And, if no language can do it justice, then we need not attempt the Prince Albert Memorial Chapel, in London, nor the Taj Mahal, of India, or the glories of that other cathedral concerning which some poet sang:—

“O, thou of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee,—

Worthiest of God, the holy and the true;
Since Zion's desolation when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in His honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty,—all are aisled
In this eternal Ark of Worship undefiled.”

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But St. Peter's was the work of Bramante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Vignola, Carlo Maderno, and of Bernini, who gave it the finishing touches of ornamentation, and built the enclosing colonnade. So, here, too, all is human. If, however, the creatures of God, can give us such works; if they can build us such cathedrals as St. Peter's; if they can carve us such statues as Canova's "Christ," or Michael Angelo Buonarotti's "Moses," or paint us such a picture as Raphael's "Transfiguration," or his Dresden "Madonna," or create and work out in marble such a miracle in stone as the Milan Cathedral, or the twin-spired temple at Cologne, or the mosaic-covered San Marco, of Venice,—what may we not expect from Him who is the Creator of the constellations, of the sun and moon, and of all the luminaries of the day and night, and of the whole boundless and resplendent universe?

The painters and architects, and all the workers of this world are such, and become the creators of these less-masterful achievements because they have a "spark of divinity" in their own bosoms. Love of God, likeness to Him, love of liberty, and of the race, have been the most pregnant forces in the building up of art, and of great and enduring cities. Was not Shelley right, when he sang:—

"Like unfolded beneath the sea,
Like man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child
Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Aegean main
Athens arose; a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented clouds, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry; the ocean floors

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Pave it, the evening sky pavilions it;
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zoned winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings by sun-fire garlanded
A divine work. Athens diviner yet,
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality."

If the gifted Shelley cannot do justice to a city like Athens, with its Parthenon and Eretheum, and when he must attribute its beauty to "a divine work," then we can never know, until we see for ourselves, the beauty of the Celestial City, that City "whose builder and maker is God," and have our residence in it for many ecstatic centuries.

But, still, indulgent reader, let us linger longer over this delightful task, invoking still the aid of the Muses, but more of the Word itself, and that illumination and enthusiasm, (*en Theos*) which is given to everyone who seeks it humbly at His feet.

When a child, I used to sing these simple lines which, with their repetitiousness, have abided in memory, but whose authorship I do not know:—

"Beautiful Zion built above,
Beautiful City that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful Temple, God its light.

Beautiful trees forever there,
Beautiful fruits they always bear,
Beautiful rivers gliding by,
Beautiful fountains never dry.

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Beautiful light without the sun,
Beautiful days revolving on,
Beautiful worlds on worlds untold,
Beautiful streets of shining gold.

Beautiful Heaven where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful songs that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquering show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.

Beautiful Throne for God the Lamb,
Beautiful seat at God's right hand,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,—
Beautiful Home of perfect peace.

What a vision of beauty the enraptured revelator had when he wrote:—

“And He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb.”

“In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bear twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.”

“And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him.”

“And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads.”

“And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.”

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But there is a still higher order of beauty. What we have thus far written is mostly external; it pertains to walls and streets, rivers and trees and palms; it is objective and material beauty, but is not, for that reason, to be despised. But the highest beauty is always spiritual; it is the outshining of truth.

The more numerous the elements of beauty, the greater the possible permutations and combinations, and, therefore, the greater the variety of beauty for the delight of the aesthetic nature, and the souls of devout men. It is for this reason that we never tire of the firmament. What combinations of stars! What constellations! What resplendent luminaries like Sirius, Venus, Mars, Jupiter! What variety of colors! The red of Mars, the blue of Capella, the green of Algol, the white and yellow lights with their combinations; what circles and semi-circles, what coronas, what forms and comets! What lyres and swans and chairs and harps and animals, with gods and demi-gods! Ah, the ancients were not only astronomers, but they were poets as well. What familiar lights and faces greet the astronomer, and follow him, like old friends, though he may wander to the antipodes, while new friends greet him at every step. This, too, will be a principle of beauty in Heaven. The great luminaries are the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,—the Fountain of all beauty and truth. He is forever the God of the Beautiful, the Good and the True. Angels, seraphim, cherubim, men, women, and children, all tribes, all peoples and kindreds, from the Garden of Eden to the end of time, will be represented there. Think, too, of the diversities of time, of languages and nationalities and denominations from the beginning to the last person that shall enter the Celestial City. The reader will find this thought expanded in the chapter on “the Personalities of Heaven.”

THE RICHEST CITY.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, the darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true Home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

—*Faber.*

CHAPTER XI.

THE RICHEST CITY.

“AND the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it.”

“And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.”

The riches of this great City are simply inconceivable and indescribable like everything else that pertains to it. If the walls of the city and its luminous foundations are such as we know them to be; if the streets are all pure, translucent gold, clear as crystal; if there are great “white thrones;” if there are “rivers of life;” if there are “harps of gold,” and “trees of life,” and “crowns,” and “palms of victory,”—if all that is worthiest and best on earth has been taken there and preserved; and if the creative and constructive genius of man shall still be exercised, and thus be more and more developed, and who can prove that it is not so,—then what may we not expect? All presumptive arguments, aside from much clear and distinctive revelation, declare that these things are so. We have, then, in all this, at least, a hint, or intimation of the incomparable and undreamt-of riches of “The City That Lieth Four-Square.”

Some of my readers have spent many days in the Vatican, and also in the British Museum, and in such art galleries as the Louvre, the Dresden, the National, the Metropolitan, and in the cathedrals of Europe, and in other treasure-houses of this world. Anyone who has ever visited these cathedrals, galleries, museums, and palaces, and has even glanced at their catalogues, has been convinced at once that a life-time of study would be necessary to examine all their multitudinous and interesting treasures,

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and the earnest wish has always come that this might be possible. But here, life is too short for such diversion and study.

There is another class of treasures entirely different from those found in cathedral, gallery, or museum,—I mean the libraries of the world. What is to become of all these treasures, and the divine talent and genius which have produced them? Who that is normal would not wish to spend a million years in thinking the best thoughts of the best men and women that have ever lived? Truth never gets old; it has perennial freshness and interest; it is forever worthy of preservation, however we may be confronted by the unexplored and the new. The genius of man is simply godlike, for man was created in the image of God; but it takes many generations for even godlike talent or genius to reach its best; there is no real maturity; never a point beyond which it is not possible to advance. The inventions and discoveries of men, and the perfecting of these inventions, have required many years; will it not always be so? No Minerva ever yet leaped fully equipped from the mighty head of some Jupiter, nor ever will. Many generations have passed before electricity was ever known, though Adam might have discovered it in the garden of Eden; many more passed, after its discovery, before it had any practical utility; years lie between Franklin and Morse; between them and Edison and Bell and Marconi. Just now, in the infancy of this century, we know only the alphabet of this marvellous force of nature.

So on man's spiritual side, he must have time, and both the environment and the subjective state of Heaven will be most eminently conducive to his reaching his best,—his best, but with the unattained and the unattainable heights still towering above him. Returning to our thought of the world's libraries, and the talent that has produced them: shall all the thoughts of all the best men and women

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that have ever lived, be destroyed, or lost for lack of preservation in some form? And what of the immortality of that genius which could go on forever producing still better fruitage? Shall not both and all survive the wreck of this world, if it ever be wrecked? Personally, I believe that all will survive, and that the trees of the human personality will yield sweeter blossoms, and riper fruits as the cycles of eternity roll on. As to the preservation of thought, it may not be in the form of books by "the art preservative of art;" but, rather, on rolls, to be discoursed to us as is music from the best modern phonographs; so that reading will be a delight instead of tedious work, "a weariness of the flesh," as now.

Thus, in some form all that is fit will survive, for our profit and delectation. But Heaven alone can reveal and declare the "fit." There are no infallible standards here. Neither Darwin, nor Huxley, nor any other evolutionist can tell us what is "fit," or the "fittest." Will there, then, be libraries in Heaven? Will there be galleries of paintings, and sculptures, and museums, (musea) like those of Rome and London? Yes, surely; only, of course, larger, fuller, broader, confined to no ecclesiasticism, or school, and so classified, and, as already hinted, in such forms, that their study will be possible to all, a thrilling delight, a pleasure forevermore. Perhaps, one of the employments of Heaven will be the arranging of this earthly material, and its transference to these new forms, so that "he that runneth may read." So, too, the genius that produced it all shall continue, doubtless, to perform its creative functions, its constructive work, and still find its chief delight, and occupy large portions of time, in the production of similar but higher and worthier works.

May there not be found there much that we have had a most earnest desire to investigate here, or with which we have been somewhat familiar, relics of this mode of our

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existence, if for no other reason than the gratification of such a desire, and also to show us the follies and puerilities and vanities of this life, and its utter inferiority to the life upon which we shall then have entered, and in which we shall revel with the most unspeakable and unfailing delights?

There is much that is good and worthy in this world which will, in some form, be preserved and stored in the Celestial City for our study, entertainment and enlightenment. A visit to the cemetery is not without its value here, why should it be there? What are these "treasures of kings and nations" of the earth, concerning which it is said that they shall be brought into the City? Is there anything better, outside of the sanctified and glorified personalities of men and women and children, than the works of their hands, and the creations of their brains? What constitutes the "glory" and "honor" of kings? True, it is their manhood, their characters, their reverence and worship of the King of all kings—nothing can compare in value to righteous, holy manhood, or womanhood. But, next to that, is their genius, the peculiar and distinguishing power which man has, above all other beings, to achieve to originate, develop, and perfect that which springs from the fountain of his own being. Queen Victoria has gone into the Presence with her sweet and royal personality; shall she not occupy one of the "thrones" which are among the gifts to be distributed to God's children there? Most eminently is she fitted to serve Him in that capacity even as she did here for more than sixty years, for she is, every inch, and forever a Queen.

What shall Raphael do with his genius, cut off, as he was, when but fairly started on his marvellous career, for he died at 37. What shall Michael Angelo, in the maturity of his powers, as we count maturity here, but still going to the Colosseum every day, when blind, too, and compelled to feel his way, and saying, when asked by Cardinal Farnese,

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what he was doing there, "I come here to school that I may learn." Shall that inextinguishable thirst for self-advancement find no field, no normal correspondence in environment and opportunity? An unquenchable fire burned in his very bones; he was humble, too, like all the truly great, for his best ideals were still far above in the empyrean to which, even with his long and best endeavor, he could not attain, but for which he never ceased to strive. Did he not take that characteristic with him into the future world whither he has gone? He surely did; it was an integral part of his personality; without it, he would no longer be Michael Angelo Buonarotti.

"I wonder if ever a thought was sung,
But the singer's heart sung sweeter?
I wonder if ever a hymn was sung,
But the thought surpassed the meter?
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought?
Or, if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dreams of his inmost heart portrayed?

Will there not be still other seas to sail for men of sublime faith, or rare genius for discovery, like Christopher Columbus? Shall not Fra Angelica still delight to paint angels, and his heavenly visions, and still go to his easel, as a minister to his pulpit, from his knees? And this the more, because, under the new conditions, he will have models, time,—all necessary conditions, as never before? May not a Bernini, or a Christopher Wren, still find an abundance of constructive work to do, and project and construct buildings, under special commissions of God, buildings that all Heaven shall admire, and that may be found on many of God's worlds? Will a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Handel, a Florence Nightingale, cease to sing

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and play, and write oratorios for the choirs of Heaven, and others, to sing?

The logical answer to all these questions, and a thousand similar ones, is that there will be conservatories of music, with every manner of musical instruments; that there will be great libraries, musea, treasure-houses, and a thousand other external and material forms, the fruits of genius and industry, of which we do not now even dream. Not simply treasure-palaces, but schools for the further development of every power of our triune nature. All these will be as much better there, as much more extensive and comprehensive, and perfect in adaptation, as opportunity and riches and purity, and nearness to the glorious origin of all life and perfection and genius, are better than in our curtailed and narrow, hampered present life.

My idealistic reader may protest against such literal interpretations of the sacred book, but if this is not the rational method, and the spiritual, at the same time, then it must follow that we shall not be the same there as here; that poet and painter and architect, philosopher, ruler, traveler, and trader, must all lose their distinguishing characteristics, and be entirely different from what God made them. What, then, becomes of the persistency of species? In that case, one might as well cease to be at all.

The chief treasures of Heaven will be the immortality of personal identity, the eternity of our distinguishing characteristics, the consciousness of personal identity reaching back to the beginning of our conscious existence, the opportunity to work in harmony with said characteristics, their perfect purity and simplicity, and the facilities for their improvement and guidance under the leadership, the greatest and best in all God's universe,—all under His final guidance who has always desired to be our friend, our helper, and who is, to-day, the greatest inspirer of the race.

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But here again, as in other matters, the chief treasures of Heaven pertain to it as a state rather than as a place. They are spiritual rather than material; but they will be quite as inseparable there as here. We shall see more of the "riches of Heaven," in the chapters on the "Employments," and the "Enjoyments," of Heaven. Let us here, however, make a limited and imperfect catalogue of these treasures, or riches. Before doing so, permit me to say, by way of parenthesis, that every reader is a part of the book he reads, just as every book becomes a part of its reader. The reader must furnish the sensitized plate in the camera of his mind, while the author furnishes the pictures, adjusts the focus, arranges the lights, sky-lights, and side-lights. And if, by meditation, the reader "fixes" the impressions on the sensitive film of memory, so much the better, for he has thus gained not only a mental acquisition, but a mental habit of inestimable value.

Many of the riches of Heaven are already in our possession, but they are known so imperfectly, they are often so encased in the soil of this world that we shall scarcely recognize them when we shall see them in their glory and perfection in the light of our new and heavenly life; they are love, truth, gratitude, praise, thanksgiving, peace, harmony, purity, activity, or work, joy, gentleness, goodness, honor, virtue, bravery, holiness, meekness, humility, holy desires, holy ambitions, daily growth into the likeness and favor of God, the illumination and progressive sanctification of the Holy Ghost, the eternally progressive office-work and functions of the Triune-God. For, in the final thought, the greatest riches in the future, will be the Triune God, in a loving relation to each of His redeemed children.

This tabulation will be improved by the reader; some of its redundant terms may be omitted, and many terms may be added. Which would you capitalize? Let us meditate upon them; let us examine ourselves that we may see whether

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already the riches of the Kingdom are in us, at least, in their germinal forms? Whatever our attainments may already be, it still is possible that the ardor of our love shall be intensified, and the Star of Hope shine more brilliantly in our horizon, in nadir and zenith of our earthly pilgrimage.

ENJOYMENTS OF HEAVEN.

“Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond Death’s cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
Where Love becomes immortal.

A Land whose life is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The City’s shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gates elysian.

But, sometimes, when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O, land unknown! O, land of Love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
O, guide these wandering, wayward feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.”

CHAPTER XII.

ENJOYMENTS OF HEAVEN.

It is natural for us to suppose that the enjoyments of Heaven will be similar to those and, in many respects, identical with our present delights. The North American Indian dreams of "happy hunting grounds," the shade and wildness of the vast forests where he may lead the free, out-door life to which he has been accustomed, and for which he has natural fitness. Who can tell assuredly that he will be disappointed, and that in God's universe there will not be abundant room for the gratification of his desires, refined, of course, of all savagery and bloodthirstiness, for we write only of redeemed persons.

"The tasks, the joys of earth, the same in Heaven will be
Only the little brook has widened to a sea."

Many of our sweetest and most innocent pleasures here are connected with nature in her various forms and moods. It was Anaxagoras who used to say that he had come into this world to admire the sun. The dwellers in the antipodes look for a Heaven largely of the environment, where they shall no longer suffer those extremes of temperature to which, nevertheless, they have become accustomed, and in which they are not unhappy.

Our delight depends largely upon the gratification of our æsthetic sense, and not alone upon our moral judgments; upon our sense of the beautiful, as well as upon our appreciation of the good; how great, then, must be the possibilities of happiness in that land of beauty!

There are few, if any people who do not enjoy the change, the variety, the information that come from travel from

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exploration, especially if one has a congenial traveling companion. What delights do not await us when the whole universe shall be thrown open to us, and ample time given for its exploitation!

Perhaps the lines that immediately follow may not be regarded, by the reader, as germane to the theme of this chapter, but the experience related, and the pictures presented, may they not be duplicated, think you, a million times as we shall range this universe, and see its marvels, and adore Him who is the Creator of all its beauties? We already possess the capacities and susceptibilities of beauty, and will then have the time to gratify our love of the true, the beautiful, and the good, and through nature be led nearer and nearer to nature's God.

THE PALACE OF THE SUN.

It is midnight on Maui's lonely Isle,
One of Haiwaii's group, where stands supreme
Old Haleakala, "House of the Sun."
Four thousand feet above tempestuous seas,
Guide Yasamori, Christian Japanese,
And Gomi, best of hosts, and best of men,
A hurried breakfast take, impatient now
To mount the patient, waiting, saddled mules,
To carry us along the mountain's side
In zig-zag lines until the crest is reached;
This crest a crater is ten thousand feet
And more above the restless sea that laves
Its feet, and weaves a fringe of foam as white
As snow around its spreading, mighty base;
But now our thoughts are not on things below,
For we must reach "Stone House" in time to see
The rising of the glorious god of day.
We ride o'er lava-beds as sharp as blades

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Of steel,—from which our well-shod mules strike out
The fire in sparkling founts around their hoofs.
The Southern Cross, in all its beauty, stands
Beneath a waning, but unclouded moon;
Five hours our ride is pressed through stunted growths,
O'er jagged rocks, through ferns whose fronded leaves
Deceptive daggers hide that lurk beneath,—
And then the roofless "House of Stone" is reached.
The morning star, mistaken for a fire,
Glowes on the mountain's brow with brilliancy.
That vies in splendors with the softer lights
Of waning moon and paling Southern Cross.
Cold are the beauteous lights which blaze above,
And sparkle 'neath our feet,—they cannot warm
Our limbs benumbed with cold. Beneath the touch
Of Gomi's skilful hands another fire burns,
And comfort gives. What eagerness to see
The whelming panoramic views which here
Transcend the thoughts and pen of man.

We are

In ample time to see Phoebus Apollo,
Though here he rides his car two hundred miles
More swiftly by the hour than in the States.
And now his herald spears enable us
To look around; five thousand feet above
The crest-line of the shore, and deep, blue sea,
Are clouds, themselves a sea; above that sea
We stand five thousand and one hundred more,—
Or, higher than "Cloud's Rest," that snowy peak
In loved Yosemite. Enraptured we
Have gazed aloft, but now, from lordly height,
Look down five thousand feet on polar seas
Of moving clouds; anon, a shifting rift
Another mile of added depth reveals.
Entranced we gaze on polar seas of clouds,

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Not flocluent, nor vague, nor meaningless
But glistening with the frosts of Arctic cold,
Where ice-bergs march, Pelion on Ossian piled.
Look, now! A surging mountain you may see
Roll o'er another mountain like a strife
Of gods. And here are striking semblances
Of glaciers well remembered in the Alps;
Seracs Alaskan; walls of gleaming ice;
Ravines with newly-fallen snow engirt;
Mont Blancs below, as once from Chamounix
We gazed aloft, and longed and sighed to reach
Its rounded crest of snow and ice and storms.
This wondrous panorama, never still,
But shifting, rolling, breaking, into forms
Fantastic; changing color, too, as well
As form, for each ecstatic sand of time.
It is a common thing, too human far,
To see the earthly side of shifting clouds;
Above them, then you see their heavenly sides,—
With meanings and with beauties strange and rare.
But, later in the day, a breeze arose,
When swiftly all these giants of the skies
Bestirred themselves; then there were ships with sails,
And horsemen, centaurs, chariots, sculptured forms,
Colossi of the air, commingling all
In one amazing panorama rare.
To break our fast, the crater, e'en ourselves,
That we were cold,—this we forgot; but felt
Like him who on Transfiguration's Mount
Would build three tabernacles, and abide.

Now, yonder, to our left, the East is gold,
And changing into deeper, glowing red
And crimson, for Apollo comes, is near,
And swiftly nearer bounds; the clouds that lie

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In strata on the horizon's edge, now burn
With fires of approaching day. See where
In all this splendour, in its very midst,
A tip of brilliant, corruscating fire
Appears, like lime-light, but enlarging fast:—
It is the glorious orb of day booms up
And into sight, while all the hurrying clouds
On that same level catch, and multiply
This glory manifold, a thousand fold
In every rainbow hue. The splendid disk,
Whose rim revolving fairly blinds the eyes,
Is now above the horizon's line; yon moon,
Whose golden light o'er molten lava beds
Our cheer, now pales before intenser light;
The Southern Cross grows dim, and slowly fades
From sight; but all the heavens, the sea of clouds,
The mighty mountain on whose rim we stand,
Declare in speechless, matchless eloquence,
The glory of our God.

The day advanced,
A new enchantment brings; the clouds ascend,
Descend, and through their rifts we glimpses get
Of seas as blue as is fair Naples' bay,
Or, like the iodic waves that beat
The castle walls of old Chillon; snow-caps
Of foam the breakers wear, and dash in lines
Upon the circling shores. Beyond the sea,
To left and right, and, mingling with the sea,
A charming landscape captivates the eye:—
Kohala's mountain blue, Hualalai,
And Mauna Loa; monarch of them all
Is Mauna Kea, fourteen thousand feet
He lifts his glistening helmet in the air;
And, yonder, to our right, is Molakai;

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Oahu, too, with Honolulu, breaks
The line of vision, dull and dark the sky
Against.

This is the vision from the "House,"
From Haleakala, "House of the Sun,"
On Maui, isle of the Hawaiian group,
Where floats the starry banner we love the best.

In such lines of thought as the foregoing there is much room for delightful theorizing, but let us pass on now to some of the certainties. One of these is, that much of our misery comes from our bodies; we have the treasure of our souls in "earthen vessels." Because of the limitations, the diseases, the mortality of the body, we "groan, not desiring that we should be unclothed, but, rather, that we should be clothed upon, that mortality should be swallowed up of immortality."

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN." Write it in letters of gold. Write it upon the face of the sun, and spell it with stars across the darkest and stormiest night of thy sorrows, so that all may read it. Write it in unfading letters of faith upon thy memory, O, suffering child of God, thou shut-in one, languishing all thy life-long on beds of pain, with thorns in thy flesh that even faith and prayer cannot remove: "There shall be no more pain." "The former things are passed away."

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, or any heat." "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we

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groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house from Heaven."

Such a body can never die. "There shall be no more death." What volumes of prose and poetry have been written about "Death." But the poetry of the future will deal more with life, in all its infinite variety, and untraceable ramifications. As physical death is the breaking of the correspondence with our physical environment, so spiritual death is breaking from, or separation, from God who is the soul's true environment; there will be no death of the soul in Heaven, for the soul shall delight in His presence, "where there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand where there are pleasures forevermore."

The exclusions of Heaven are tears, death, sorrow, sin, temptation, and "all pain." If anyone can fully grasp the import of these words, he will conceive of a place and a state for which men would pay millions and billions of dollars, if it could be secured that way. But, "thy money perish with thee."

It is also certain that we shall be free from mental imbecilities. "We know only in part." There is little perfection in the knowledge of men. The known speedily merges into the unknown. All our powers are finite; memory fails; reason blunders; the imagination wearies and drifts too easily into dangerous realms; judgments are warped because of the limitations and imperfections of knowledge upon which they must always depend; the will fails to choose that which is true and righteous; our mental imbecilities are vitally connected with our remorse, our life and conscience, and thus they give rise to human misery, and often to crimes and wars. The promise is that "we shall know as we are also known."

In Heaven all our powers will be at their best; our habitat will be much more conducive to their growth than here; our guides and instructors, the facilities and opportunities

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will be as much better as Heaven is better than earth; as perfection is better than that which is only fragmentary and imperfect; as light is better than twilight, or darkness. Here we have penumbra, and umbra, and eclipse, there constant and perfect light. Here we toil up laboriously to make gains, but there we shall swoop down upon what we desire as an eagle from his heights; here we grow by sweat of brain, by persistent, laborious effort; there, too, effort will be necessary but it will be more like breathing, or like seeing here, and will involve no rack of brain, or nerve, or mental torture. Here many of the brightest intellects have burned themselves out before their fires were scarcely kindled.

It is said of Robert Pollok, a prince of Scottish bards, that, when in the 27th year of his life, he had given to the world, his immortal "Course of Time," he had also completely exhausted his bodily resources, and his poor body went to the grave the same year his poem was given to the world:—

"Unconquered powers the immortal mind displayed,
But, worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed;
Pale in his cell, and o'er his lamp retired,
The martyr student faded and expired."

But in Heaven there can be no pain either of body or mind; there shall be no mental decay; the work of the mind is here largely dependent upon the condition of the body; a Corliss engine cannot do its work in a building of straw; a mind cannot act normally, and do its best work in a body held together only by bandages and medicaments. This suggests man's possibilities when every limitation shall be removed, with all weaknesses.

I take in my hand a nestling. I cannot yet tell what kind of a bird it is, whether a common chick, a humming-

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bird, a mocking-bird, an eagle, or a vulture. I must give my nestling time. Just now it is repulsive; it is a featherless, hairless, naked, ugly thing; it has a long neck, open mouth, closed lids, and dangling, ungainly limbs. Shall I throw it away as a useless, unpromising thing? No; wait, give it time; some day, you may see on it the beautiful apparel of a humming-bird, shining and glowing like a ball of fire as it whirrs in the midst of the flowers of the tropics; or, if its apparel shall not be so brilliant, it may pour out liquid notes of praise; it may sing like the sky-lark, or thrush, or give us all the marvellous imitations and original notes of the American mocking-bird; or, mayhap, it will require still more time, this uncouth, repulsive nestling, only more time, and you shall see the mighty wings, the muscles and tendons, white and strong, of the eagle; you shall see the eye of the golden eagle that can look unblenched into the blazing light of the god of day in his meridian glories, and can soar to an altitude where the vision of man cannot follow him, maintaining himself at untold heights with scarcely the flutter of a feather, or the waving of his royal pinions, and a glorious type of man's possibilities to rise above sublunary things, and to overcome all obstacles.

So shall it be with this being we call "man," "created in the image of God," "made a little lower than the angels," "crowned with glory and honor," whose life shall henceforth run parallel with the life of God, endowed with transcendent intellectual, moral and spiritual faculties and capacities that have no limits or bounds; having five physical and five spiritual senses, and will have still others added, of both kinds:—give him time, only time, and he will put on an exterior garb more beautiful than that of any angel or archangel; give him time in the eternities, and he will sing as only the redeemed can sing; he will blend his voice with the harmonies of Heaven where roll

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the anthems as mighty waters roll, or, on tender, velvet wings, hint out their touching melodies; time, and he will rise higher than eagle ever soared, or thought of dreaming man ascended; time, only time, and he will enter, as Foster says, the world of spirits, of angels, of men immortal, and of God. Give him only time, and he will glow in the worlds of truth, of beauty, of love and worship and eternal friendships, as never glowed the stars and constellations in the bestudded skies; time, and he will rise higher and still higher in the scale of intellectuality and spirituality in that world of unending progress, of personal unfolding, of joy without any alloy of sorrow or pain.

Heaven's enjoyments will thus consist in our possessing a spiritual, deathless, painless body, the immortal temple of a redeemed spirit, free from all mental imbecilities, and, I dare now add, freedom, also, from all moral defections and depravity. They that enter there are first pure. If not beyond the power, or susceptibility of temptation, yet they are so holy and high in their redeemed and sanctified and glorified natures as to be eternally safe; they have become "pillars in the temple of their God," to go out no more forever; they have been tried and tested; they now understand all motives, and all the machinations of the evil one who so persistently sought their eternal ruin; the gravitation of their nature is now wholly and forever towards their God and holy things; there is no longer the least admixture of evil; they are beyond the attractions of this life. O, what a state that will be! If its contemplation fills one with unspeakable delight, what must its possession be? Absolute and eternal deliverance from sin, from every evil tendency or thought. On this planet, sin has dug every grave; it has caused every sigh and groan; it has made our every bed of pain; it would blight and blast our every fair flower of hope and peace; it has deluged the soil of this world with the purest human blood; it has had

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no mercy on widows and orphans, but has made them what they are; it has put manacles on our hands, gyves around our brains; it has crushed our hearts without pity and relentlessly; it has brought into our bosoms bitterness and malice, jealousy, hate, wrath, lust, and revenge, and let loose upon the race all the diabolism of the pit; it has transformed itself into an angel of light, and has led the very elect of God astray; like a dark shadow of the night, like a skeleton of death, like a grinning death's head, like a mirage of beauty, like a serpent skilled in reason and able to "make the worse appear the better" and to substitute bitter for sweet, and night for day,—it has followed, and will follow us till we have drawn our last breath.

But, thank God, even in this life, we get complete victory over sin in every form, as far as the saints are personally concerned, but we must still live in a world of sin where its frightful and disgusting forms are all about us, and where we are its inevitable sufferers. But, beloved reader, there shall be no sin in Heaven; nor shall its fruits obtrude themselves there; you and I shall be washed whiter than the driven snows of winter; whiter than the snows that glow and glisten in the sun far above the snow-line; our natures shall be filled and thrilled with the holy presence of truth, of love, of gratitude and praise, and all those untold felicities which shall flow from our new environment and our new natures and our new bodies.

O, what hath Jesus bought for me?
Before my ravished eyes:
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

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O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me mete
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!
Give joy, or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

—*Charles Wesley.*

EMPLOYMENTS OF HEAVEN.

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod?
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him its lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word,
And sing His glory wrong.

Friend, it is time to work. I say to thee,
Thou dost all earthly good by much excel:
Thou and God's blessing are enough for me:
My work, my work,—farewell!

—*Jean Ingelow.*

CHAPTER XIII.

EMPLOYMENTS OF HEAVEN.

WE can never be inactive and happy at the same time, either in this or any other world. Any proper conception of Heaven must include the idea of ceaseless, tireless, but agreeable employment. In this life, every muscle and nerve and organ of the body plainly show that we were made for motion. The mind as well as the body cries insatiably for action. The mind never rests; even when the body is in a state of comparative quiet, the mind enters the mysterious realm of dreamland, and finds some of its highest or basest activities. Besides, we are in a world of wonderful motions. This planet moves on its own axis, and, at the same time, spins in its orbit around the sun in such speed that everything upon its surface has a motion of at least one thousand miles per hour, and nineteen miles per second in its orbital journey; and, whether it be planet or satellite, fixed star or nebulae, constellation or meteor, — all have motion, and in their motion

“Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.”

If, therefore, anyone lives without something to do, he becomes a discordant note in the midst of the harmonies of this universe; he becomes a parasite, a leech, a tramp; he “kicks against the pricks” of his own nature, and becomes “of all men most miserable.” There is no higher joy in this world than to be overwhelmed with congenial work, with activities suited to our tastes and qualifications.

What a vision of contentment, happiness, and homely industry Longfellow gives us in his “Village Blacksmith”:—

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“Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night’s repose.”

How different is this picture from the one given us by some other poet who speaks of the feeling at the close of a wasted day:—

“Who’s seen my day, ’tis gone away,
Nor left a trace in any place;
If I could only find
Its footfalls in some mind,
Some spirit-water stirred
By wand of deed or word,—
I should not sit at shadowy eve,
And for my day so grieve, and grieve.”

But Longfellow continues:—

“Thanks, thanks, to thee my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus at the flaming torch of life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on the sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

But, when these lines are slightly paraphrased, they will be quite as applicable to our life beyond the grave, as follows:—

Toiling, rejoicing, and praising,
Onward through LIFE he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,

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Some morning sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a sweet repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught:
Thus in the heavenly, glorious life,
Our joys will still be wrought,
Thus on some blissful anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Constituted as we are, made, as we are, for physical, intellectual and spiritual activities, we could never be happy, normal, or even contented without something to engage all our energies, and that, too, all the time. Here we often sigh for rest, as though rest were cessation from work, when it is, in reality, simply a change of occupation, releasing some nerve or muscle, and bringing others into play, as some poet has well said:—

“Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

’Tis the brook’s motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean,
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

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'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward unswerving,—
And that is true rest."

Even in this life everything depends upon our activities. health depends upon it; our happiness, our usefulness, our successes are inseparably connected with it, and even our moral purity; for,

"The mountain stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself pure, and, as it runs, refines,
'Till by degrees, like floating mirror shines."

The difficulty now seems to be to get a proper adjustment of work and recreation; we overdo the first, and have too little time for the last; from the very nature of our surroundings, the business demands that we all must meet, the battle for bread, in our present civilization with its multiplication of human wants,—our lives are predestined to run in grooves; they become sordid, mechanical, humdrum, material; or, upon still lower planes, they become so fascinating that we rarely rise to the "higher levels" upon which we were really made to walk, and where the higher and purer joys can alone be found. But when the adjustments are properly made, then is labor high and holy; it is, then, essentially, of the nature of worship. As the planets move in their orbits where God has placed them, and as they can serve their Maker only by ceaseless activity within the limits of their orbits, and as they would rush to a speedy and fiery death if they were to veer a hair's breadth out of their appointed limits, so man best serves God when he performs his appointed tasks, and thus, too, he attains most speedily unto his highest happiness and usefulness. It was Mrs. Osgood who sang aptly and truly:—

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"Labor is life; 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory. The flying cloud lightens,
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
Idle hearts only, the dark future frightens,
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that fright us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work, and pure Slumber shall wait on thy pillow;
Lie not down 'neath Woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and a resolute will.

Work for some good be it ever so slowly.
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly,
Labor, all labor is noble and holy,—
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God."

The motives for labor in Heaven will, doubtless, be different, though some will remain. If our memories are not obliterated, we may prevent the resuscitation of the dark things of this life, the griefs and disappointments that might follow us there, by ceaseless and joyous activities. Kipling has some quaint lines upon this point:—

"When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic
has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it, lie down for an
aeon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen shall put us to work
anew.

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And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in
a golden chair,
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of
comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from,—Magdalene,
Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting, and never be tired
at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master
shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for
fame,
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate
star,
Shall draw the things as he sees them, for the God of Things
as they are."

Doubtless, many hours and years shall be spent in the
adoration of the divine character and attributes, its unfathomable
perfections; the instinct of praise and worship is divinely implanted,
and saints delight in it wherever you find them. With the sweet
singers of Israel, they say:—

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;
my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God, even Thy
altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God."

This instinct of worship will, doubtless, grow in our
natures, and become much more dominant, than it ever has
been here in our best spiritual state, for the environments in
Heaven will be much more germane to every tendril of
adoration; besides, our conceptions of God, and what we
owe Him, will be so enlarged and clarified that our praises,
our adoration and worship will be but the natural expression
of our glorified spirits.

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I am, nevertheless, in perfect accord with the following lines by Robert Beverly Hale:—

“We know we are not worthy of Thy love;
We know, we know we have not done our best;
But when Thou takest us to Thee above,
Rest, rest, dear Father, only give us rest.

Such is the song they sing. I cannot bear it.
All men must sin; but no man need to shirk;
Show me some noble task, and let me share it;
Work, work, dear Father, only give me work.

Our thoughts of Heaven are surely wondrous odd,
Just sitting still, and praising God all day;
That would be hard, indeed, for praising God
Is more in what you do than what you say.

Poor, weary weaklings! Are we, then, so tired?
Just fit to blow gold trumpets and feel blest?
To sit and smile, and be inspired?
Can one's life-work win everlasting rest?

O, shame! Shall I give up my high endeavor?
Shall I pretend my store of strength is gone?
Shall I claim peace, and joy and bliss forever,
And take my rest, while God is toiling on?

Father, what future's mine I cannot tell;
But when I have begun my life anew,
I care not where, in Heaven, Earth, or Hell,—
O, Father, give me some hard work to do.

Forward along the road that He has given,
We cannot stay to count the strength we spend,
Nor stop for rest in any idle Heaven,
For God's own work shall never have an end.”

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These are normal thoughts, and they find responses in the heart of every normal man and woman; in all who are busy here, and have eaten of the elysian sweets of employments approved of conscience and of God. No man is so fortunate as the man who is willing to work, and finds himself in the midst of congenial, and self-compensating activities; and no man is so unfortunate as the man who is willing to work and unable to find engagement for his services. Such a man's work must be the work of finding work, followed tactfully, persistently, with cries and tears, perchance, to God who will speedily open up a way for a determined spirit; otherwise earth were hell, and God were not the God of Providence and of love, and the great and willing Helper of all who call upon Him.

All the poets, from Shakespeare and Milton, down to the present hour, have emphasized the thought of our heavenly engagements, and that we shall be, must be, busy there, or we could not be happy. Lowell said, on the death of Channing:—

“Thou art not idle; in thy higher sphere,
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks.

For sure, in Heaven's wide chambers there is room
For love and pity, and for helpful deeds;
Else were our summons thither but a doom
To life more vain than this in clayey weeds.”

There is a pleasing philosophy in this thought that our happiness will be forever identical with our activities, our physical, mental and spiritual industries. What God will have for us to do, we cannot fully know though it is hinted and partially disclosed in many ways and places. Reference

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has already been made to the matter of worship, the study and adorations of the divine perfections, and to our intellectual and spiritual pursuits. We have only to remember that the whole universe will be thrown open to us for our visitation, study and minute investigation, and that every wholesome and normal trend of our minds and spirits will find a full and perfect answer and correspondence. There may be inhabited worlds like our own to whose inhabitants we may be ministering spirits; whom we shall instruct, rule, and bring as trophies of our zeal and industry to the feet of God. What if there should be inhabited worlds, and cycles of worlds for us to visit, to civilize and instruct? One thing seems to me certain, that, as our purest joys here have always been connected with our fidelity to every trust, with our "cups of cold water given only in the name of a disciple," with our activities, lofty, pure and unselfish,—that it will be so in "Yonderland." One of our Irish poets has sung:—

"But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among
men,
Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rudder or plow-
share or pen,
Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the morning of
life,
Winning home and its darling divinities, love-cherished
children and wife,—
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp
chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the
bosom of kings,
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his
race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's conquests, and looks the
strong world in the face."

MUSIC.

Our lives are songs. God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or metre;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad;
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

CHAPTER XIV.

MUSIC.

THIS is one of the delights, and also one of the employments of Heaven; it is usually so that our chief delight is found in our employments, but, because music occupies so high and so large a place in the activities of Heaven, we devote a short chapter to its consideration.

God who made us gave us all the elements and powers of music; the human voice is a stringed and wind instrument combined, and, in its range, its powers of modulation, its flexibility, the enunciation of language, its sympathy, its timbre, and in its limitless adaptations,—in all these it is by far the most marvellous and useful of all musical instruments. Besides this, behind the instrument is the intelligent spirit, to use it for the expression of thought and emotion, in musical sounds ranging through all the unlimited combinations of the diatonic and chromatic scales. Man uses this instrument as soon as he comes into the world; in every niche of life, not always to the praise of his Creator as he should, and with his latest breath:—

“Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp His name.”

The voice, in articulate speech and song, will abide in Heaven. Nay, the very tones and characteristic modulations which enable us here to recognize friends and loved ones even when we cannot see them. The use of articulate language in speech and song is an eternal fount of blessedness. There, too, the fountain of Music will open in every soul, for, as Samuel Rodgers has said:—

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"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
"Till waked and kindled by the Master's spell;
And feeling hearts, (but touch them rightly) pour
A thousand melodies unheard before."

Dryden speaks of how the bounds of Music were enlarged by St. Cecilia; these are his verses:—

"At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She brought an angel down."

But the real realm of music, not only as to its original home, but for its enlargement and perfection, is in Heaven. No one can ever hear it in its perfection until he walks in the land of love, of light, of beauty, of elysian glories. Not until the heavy pressure of grave responsibilities, of business cares, of exacting duties, is finally and fully removed; not until perennial health and eternal youth become our lasting possessions,—then shall we sing; then shall our ears, too, be unstopped, our auditory range be increased to take in the "music of the spheres." As there are objects so large that we cannot see them, and others so small that, without the aid of the microscope, they would also escape our attention, so myriads of the sweetest sounds are either far above or far below our present musical range and creation, and cannot therefore, be heard; but we shall hear them

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then. These softer tones that we do not now hear, these microscopic sounds, will

“Come o’er our ears like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.”

We commiserate people who are not susceptible to musical sounds, and are unable to produce them; they lose one of the very chiefest delectations of this world of musical sounds. Shakespeare says of such:—

“Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But Music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus,—
Let no such man be trusted.”

It is, indeed true, that evil men and women, as a rule, have no real music in their souls, though they, too, have the physical means of producing it. But it is also true that some of God’s children cannot sing; for a variety of reasons this is so, though every one must have, and does have music in his soul. But Heaven is the home of music and song, and, therefore, each and all, will not only have it in himself, as Shakespeare says, but will be able to give it vocal expression.

Let us go to the great poet once more, for he was the oracle, and it was he that found “sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, tongues in trees,” and good, if not God, in everything.

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Lorenzo:—How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

But "this muddy vesture of decay" we'll drop and rise,
and we will enter the realm of music, the realm of God's
immediate presence, as naturally as a bird to its nest, or
a tired child to the bosom of its affectionate mother.

All the poets and hymnists have sung the praises of
music. Art, too, has given her immortality in sculpture
and painting. Raphael, in his "Rapture of St. Cecilia,"
has the patroness of this art, and the traditional inventress
of musical instruments, drop every instrument to the ground
as sounds of Heaven's music reach her ears, while even the
practical St. Paul, with his regal head supported by his hand,
is in an attitude of reverential attention, and listens to the
rapturous music of the "invisible choir," chanting and
singing the melodies of Heaven, while musical instruments
of all kinds lie untouched and forgotten around his feet.

When Christ comes into the heart as its abiding guest,
Music comes, too, and always:—

"There is music in my soul to-day
A carol to my King;
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing."

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But in dear "Yonderland" we can and will sing them,
for that is a state and a land

"Where Music dwells
Lingering and wandering on, as loath to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

It is our privilege, sometimes, on earth, to hear music, vocal or instrumental, or both combined, that satisfies our sensitive natures, and lifts our souls to a very heaven of aesthetic and religious delights.

In a great city I once heard a choir of five hundred selected and cultured voices, accompanied by an orchestra of one hundred instruments, then regarded as the best aggregation of instrumentalists in this country; this orchestra was under the baton of a man well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a composer and musical director. Only a great city of a million or more of inhabitants and immense capital can make such a combination of musicians a possibility. They produced an oratorio of one of the great masters on the night I heard them, in a hall suitable in size and in its acoustic properties. How diverse were the effects! Yet, how sweet, how tender, how sublime, how majestic and grand, too, were these effects in their turn! How thrilling, elevating, and inspiring!

At one place, in the rendition of the programme, before the oratorio was begun, there was perfect silence, and a felt spirit of expectancy throughout the audience; the great director stood like a statue; no one moved; something is about to occur, but few of the vast and breathless audience knew what it was to be; you could only see and admire the great audience upon the stage, admire the *tout ensemble* of the great orchestra and chorus, and see the flashes of the diamonds upon the bosoms of beauty. Suddenly the

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leader lifts his baton; no visible musician responded; no vocalist parted his lips; no instrument was touched. Yet, listen! What exquisite sounds are these? Whence come they? How are they produced? To what may we compare them? Are they not like the rustling of many far-away angels' wings? It is, at any rate, a murmuring, humming, rising, falling cadence of exquisitely sweet sound. It seems to be Music's very soul and vital breath. So soft, at first, as to be scarcely audible, then rising and swelling, and again sinking back into most tender pianissimos. Whence comes it? It was a surprise to all. Behind the scenes there were one hundred trained children who had been selected from the public schools where they had been specially trained for their part; these, with closed lips, were humming and murmuring a melody of indescribable sweetness. Later, sopranos, and tenors, altos and deep-lunged bassos, chorus and soloists,—all with closed lips, but each on his several part, unite with the children in the production of tones and semi-tones, lights and shadows of sounds whose effects were marvellous, swaying the vast audience with unspeakable raptures. Still later, softly, tenderly at first, the instruments fall in, and swell the now rising tide of music, still without words or sibillation, but as if the rapture of a St. Cecilia were in every happy heart, as though Music and her sister, Song, were beating their white pinions against the crimson portals closed against them, but unable entirely to shut them in. This music moved and transported and enraptured me as nothing else had ever done, save some special spiritual visions and experiences. It was a strain from Heaven; it was a foretaste of what awaits us, in full measure, who are bound to "The City That Lieth Four-Square."

There are, doubtless, choirs, and musical organizations in Heaven; children's choirs; angelic choirs; choirs of cherubim and seraphim, singing music peculiar to themselves;

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male choirs, and female, and great choruses, and unions of all these and other musical organizations. Why should it not be so there, even as it is here? We know of at least one male choir, in that land of song, composed of one hundred and forty-four thousand voices; doubtless, others of a similar nature have been formed since that was organized. These are "virgin" men, and "follow the Lord whithersoever He goeth." "They are redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb, and in their mouths was found no guile; for they are without fault before the throne of God." What qualities for song do such men possess, and how they will sing forevermore! To hear them alone, a choir of such quality and numbers, even if there were no other music in Heaven, were worth a life-time of self-denial, of self-crucifixion, poverty, temptation and bereavement, if, only, at the last, entrance is gained into the City where this male choir of one hundred and forty-four thousand voices sings. I mean, by the help of God, to hear them some day. Dost thou, too, so purpose, dear reader? God help thee and me!

Then, too, how the redeemed will sing! That company which no man can number, who have come up out of "great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb." They could sing, and did sing on earth. They made, by far, the sweetest music ever heard in "this vale of tears," for they had sunshine and music in their hearts, and they sang of Jesus and His love, the best and the most inspiring of all musical themes:—

"There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so dear in Heaven,
The name before His wondrous birth
To Christ, the Savior given."

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Is it any wonder, they could sing here with such a theme, with such holy rapture in their breasts, their scarlet sins all washed white, their feet sandalled with grace and walking the upward way of light, peace, of holiness and Heaven, the helmet of salvation on their heads, and the harp of a thousand strings, (SALVATION) in their hands of strength and skill.

How dreary would this world be without the music of God's children in choir, pulpit and pew; in all the assemblies of men and women; at the merry wedding time, and in the homes where the angel of Death has been; on the streets and in the marts of trade! Into the din and discords of this world, magic Music sends her strains of gentleness and peace; in the home, the mother, while she rocks the cradle of her babe, croons and sings the Gospel lullabies; later, the child itself finds natural expression, in innocent songs, for the gladness of its heart; and sings as only a child can sing; while the aged saint, whose whole life has been cheered and blessed by song, continues to sing to the end of his pilgrimage the song of victory.

But what, after all, is the music of earth compared to that of Heaven?

Methinks I hear one of the great choirs of Heaven. It occupies a vast amphitheatre specially constructed for it by some sainted Angelo, Bramante, or Bernini. At the radial centre of the vast semi-circumference is a mighty, elevated throne gleaming and glowing with soft lights emitted from the veined alabaster and colored marbles and jewels of which it is made; it is, besides, of the most exquisite and elegant architectural design and workmanship such as no Nicolo Pisano could model or make. It is now the cynosure of millions of eyes, for upon it stands a royal director, perhaps, David, the poet-king, with flashing baton, now ready to give the signal. But, first, let us look at this choir of the skies. Upon either flank are mighty organs,

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larger, sweeter, more perfect and powerful than any earth has ever seen; here, too, in front, are harps, with Tubal-Cains and Davids to play upon them; but only a small part are they of the mighty orchestra with every kind of musical instruments that Heaven and earth have yet produced; harps and organs, violins, flutes, cornets, sackbut and psaltery, trombones and cymbals, drums, and every form of horn, viols and cellos, zithers and stringed instruments, with rarely new inventions for the production of the most exquisite musical sounds; every form of wind instruments, with every possible combination, all played by tireless, enthusiastic, artistic performers. Far above, rising in sweeping semi-circles, are at least a million vocalists, basses, tenors, sopranos, contraltos,—all in perfectly balancing proportions, and selected for this occasion from the billions of happy redeemed musical people who reside in the “mansions prepared,” in “The City That Lieth Four-Square,” or Heaven’s Capital City, the New Jerusalem. These are the very ones who on earth sang out the bad and sang in the good; who helped to make this sad world a Paradise by their good cheer, their smiles, their sympathetic hand-grasps, and their cheering songs, and consecrated instrumental music. Now we see them in their true light and form; every player an artist, for Heaven is full of musical talent; every singer, with voice and heart, and his whole personality tireless, thrilling, and now, perhaps, for the first time, fully able to express in vocal execution, what through all the years he could only inly sing and dream before. But look again at the composition of this choir. We have seen only the human elements, and in general view. Look yonder on the highest seats, and you will see the angelic ranks, cherubim and seraphim, with those “who kept their first estate,” glorious beings are they, and masters, every one, of the divine art of music; they have never known sin: soon

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Each will touch his golden lyre,
And clap his wings of fire
Above, around the heavenly choir.

Neither must you fail to notice, near the throne, and under the very eye of the leader, but above the orchestra, large bands, or companies of lovely, sinless children, such as Jesus dearly loved, and took up in His arms and blessed. What can be sweeter than their voices, and how swiftly they learn to sing under competent direction!

This is one of Heaven's gala days, and, if the choir, in all its parts, numbers a million, or more, the audience is a vast multitude which no man could number; and whether you sing or play, with that choir, or simply sit and hear the music, and gaze upon the glorious scene, your ecstasy, your boundless rapture and delight, after all the tears and sorrows of this world, would then surely kill you if your capacity for joy had not been enlarged many fold, and your spirit were not shrined, as it then will be, in a spiritual, glorious body, real, tangible, immortal, with sensations and qualities like the risen body of our Lord. But it will still be an "unspeakable glory," an unutterable rapture. Shall we now listen to the music? Perhaps, at first, we hear only a single pipe-organ, or a single stop of one of those great organs, and, then the whole instrument; later, other instruments unite; again, a single instrument, or the voice of some divine Neilsen, or Florence Nightingale, or a glorified Whitney, or a divine Capoul, or Campanini, or the voice of some raptured saint whose name here was never known, but whose voice now thrills all Heaven; again, it is a child's voice, a single voice, the sweetest of all Heaven's single notes, but so clear, so penetrating that all can hear; then, all the children sing together, or antiphonally in groups; or, perhaps, the angels join them in their praises; then, other parts, and still others, men's voices and women's

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alone and united,—and, at last, every stop of every organ is drawn out, the millions sing and play under the control still of a single baton until the first chorus, and by far the greatest human ears ever heard, is rendered.

But, look again! I see a new light in every face, a flashing brilliancy in every eye, a spontaneous springing to the feet, and a glad shout of "Hallelujah" from every lip, a mighty and spontaneous burst of praise and gratitude. No one is seated now; what does it all mean? A new form has appeared upon the Throne. Who is it? Never did my eye rest upon a being of such supreme majesty, such divine beauty; it is, indeed, the King of all kings; the Lord of all lords it is the Wonderful, the Prince of Peace, the Bright and Morning Star; it is JESUS, the SAVIOR of men; my Savior. O, to sing and play instruments under His eye who is the Creator of all the realms of nature, of all music, who made the voice, and put into his universe all the elements of sound and music of whatever kind. He is about to give the signal for another chorus; He holds in his pierced hand a cross; it is made of light, and is the symbol of His love, truth and power. He smiles on the radiant, happy millions who can scarcely restrain their emotions of bliss, and who would now be glad to cast every crown, every ambition at His pierced feet. Now, a hush; then He lifts the cross that has lifted worlds, and peopled all Heaven. Once again that choir sings as never before, and every instrument seems possessed of a soul of its own, and cries aloud melodiously for very joy. Now one of the great male choruses, the "virgin men," high and holy in their characters, composed of one hundred and forty-four thousand men, sing under the direction of their Master Whom they have always loved with a consuming devotion. Like the voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunderings, they sing, saying: "Alleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

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Yes; they sing: "And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying: "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name? For Thou art holy; for all the nations shall come and worship before Thee; for Thy judgments are made manifest."

Thus they sing new oratorios; the wondrous story of redemption; of a new creation; of salvation from sin; they sing in full chorus, and responsively with all the unlimited variations and combinations of two worlds, and possible to such a choir with such themes, still saying:—

"Amen!" "Blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might be unto our God forever and ever. Amen!"

Then, at the close, the Lamb, who has been in the midst of the Throne, "shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." And, if there be any more tears, "God shall wipe away all tears from off their faces."

SATISFIED.

“Far out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words: ‘I shall be satisfied.’

‘I shall be satisfied.’ The spirit’s yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,—
The silent love that here meets no returning,—
The inspiration that no language finds,—

Shall they be satisfied? The soul’s vague longing,—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O, what desires upon my heart are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending:
Saviour and Lord, with Thy frail child abide!
Guide me towards Home, where, all my wanderings ending,
I shall see Thee, and shall be satisfied.”

CHAPTER XV

SATISFIED.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness."

ONCE I accidentally overheard the conversation of the two most generous rich people I ever knew. Up to that time I had believed them to be perfectly satisfied with their life and possessions, and with the good they were doing. They gave away, in a variety of charities, more money, each year, than anyone in the city in which they lived; a growing charitable institution bore their honored name. But, in this conversation, to which I was to them an unknown and forced listener, I heard them deplore their inability to do more, and what they would do if they only had more money; they were dissatisfied because they did not have greater means to carry out much broader plans of usefulness and beneficence; their inability to do so was to them a real distress; they were not happy.

Lack of means is a universal discontent; there are more people dissatisfied with their means, or, their lack of means, than with anything that can be named. Not always, nor usually, in the noble manner just mentioned; more frequently, it takes the form, not of simple discontent, but positive malcontent; a striving and fighting for more, and still more of this world's goods, not that they may be given away, but that they may be hoarded, or used for still other and larger accumulations.

But while this form of discontent, or malcontent is universal, if is far from being inclusive; it is simply a species under a broad genus. Who is there that is perfectly satisfied? The forms of unrest are as diverse as the personalities in which they are persistent forces.

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I talked with an old sea-captain once; the very brine and tempest of the ocean, upon which he had lived for thirty years, seemed yet to play in his deep-set, heavily-browed eyes, and rumple his shocky hair; there was a saltiness about his speech which smacked pleasantly of the sea. He was a landsman now, and had been for many years, and he knew that he could never return again to the "life on the ocean wave," to his loved home "on the rolling deep." His family, his business, his physical infirmities, his duty,—all held him on the land. But, every day, more or less, did he sigh for the sea, for the dear old life; he felt that he could never be perfectly happy on the land. He was homesick for the old life which was depicted by etchings, paintings and steel engravings which adorned his beautiful home. O, to feel once more the rolling, swelling tempestuous waves! To breathe once more the fresh, salt-air, so invigorating and pure! To rest the eyes on the broad expanse of old ocean, to watch its marvellous life, its varied, kaleidoscopic beauty and sublimity, the most entrancing and varied in all this world: "Ah, me! it would prolong my life to a century."

But, on the sea, I conversed with another old sailor who was very tired of his sea-faring life which, like the other, he had followed for many years; he was counting the days when he would be released from his "confinement to a vessel," to use his own phrase; he sighed daily for his residence on shore, a cottage covered with clambering vines, with roses, ivy and honeysuckle, where he had a wife and children from whom he had been separated so long, too long, where relatives and friends were ready and waiting to welcome him, and give him a home in their affections. One of the sweetest passages in all God's word to him, is this: "And there shall be no more sea." This old tar had in his bosom that restlessness, that dissatisfaction which, in some form, is a disturbing element, to say the least, in every life.

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How few attain to the Pauline standard, and are able truly to say: "I have learned in every state wherein I am, therewith to be content." "Every ship is a romantic object save the one we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits our vessel, and hangs on every other sail in the horizon."

Now, if in the above instances, each could have had his wish granted; if the "old salt" could have returned to the sea of which he dreamed every day, and the sailor upon the high seas could have entered his rose-cottage, and remained there with his family and relatives,—how long would they have been satisfied? How long until one would have dreamed of his home, the land, and the church he loved so well? And the other, of the charming life on the "rolling deep"? Soon each would have been as restless as ever, or, at least, each would have had disturbing visions and dreams with an element of pain as well as of beauty and pathos in them. These are world-wide, typical cases.

I know a very successful physician; he collects, at least, ten thousand dollars a year from his regular practice, and, besides, has many perquisites and added emoluments. He is fond of society, his club, the theatre, the hotel lobby, and of the pleasures of this life. But he thinks that ministers are the favored class of the whole creation; that they have leisure, time for reading, travel, social joys, long vacations, while he is a slave to his profession. This physician would like to be a clergyman, especially if he could take with him his ten thousand a year, his club and pleasures, into that genteel, well-dressed profession. But I can find you scores of dissatisfied, (perhaps ungrateful) clergymen who are quite ready to take this physician's place, with all its drudgery, its night-calls, his frenzy at people who call him when they do not need him, and at those exasperating times when he is more sick than they, all his disagreeable and nerve-straining work, all his most exacting duties,—they will gladly take it all for ten thousand dollars per annum,

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perfectly willing to forego, meanwhile, the ease, the travel, the reading, the vacations, to say nothing just now, of the ever-recurring, and most exacting, delicate, and difficult duties of a minister's life.

This feeling of dissatisfaction may not be a permanent element in the character of either physician or clergyman, but it is, nevertheless, a potent factor in the lives of thousands of unfortunate cases, often leading to a change of professions, a trading of horses in the midst of the stream of life, against which Mr. Lincoln and other philosophers have so strongly and wisely advised. For, in such cases, success is very rare, and still greater restlessness and uneasiness, often resulting in the most distressing pain, is a common result.

We must discriminate between dissatisfaction and the mere feeling of not being satisfied; between positive malcontent and mere discontent. One is a corrosion, a carking, painful thing—sand in the machinery of life; the other is a divinely-implanted instinct, and a coiled spring of progress; it is a tonic, a goad which we all need to prod us on, to drive us out of ease and natural laziness into the activities which lie within the range of our chosen callings. In the midst of our unrest, we may still find contentment through our activities, for, neighbor to every want will be found its natural supply; it is the function of the want to reveal its own supply; our very restlessness leads us not foolishly to change our vocation, but in it to utilize our talents, and feed the flame until its ardor is felt no more, or until it is really extinguished. It is, indeed, better, as a rule, "to endure the ills that are than to fly to those we know not of." Better to fight in your own armor, even though it be but a sling and a few pebbles carefully selected, and adapted to your training and strength.

In the cases that have been cited, and in a multitude of others, nothing would be better and more wholesome,

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however painful the experience, than to make the exchanges sighed for, as in the case of the physician and minister, until each should learn that nothing is better than the duties of our station, and that it is infinitely better to seek the utmost qualifications for the places we now occupy than to sigh for the honors and emoluments of others; that we are, most probably, in the very niches of life where God would have us be; by such exchange, we would learn, too, that embarrassments, thorns, difficulties, drawbacks that we never dreamed of, belong to every station of life.

It might be worth the while to say here that, paradoxical as it may seem, the best and the quickest way out of a lowly place, is to remain in it. Merit, like murder, will out. When a large man finds himself in a small place, one of two things must happen: either the large man will expand the small place to his own superb dimensions, and so make it worthy of his occupancy, or, he will use it for a stepping-stone to a larger place waiting for him and already seeking him; there is only another possible sequence, namely, that the large man may cease to remain such by the narrowing, contracting force of the place he occupies; in that case, his fate is sealed, and he becomes a mediocre. But, conversely, if a small man find himself in a large place, only one of two things can happen; either the large place will eject the small man, or the small man will awaken to his situation and opportunity, and speedily make himself worthy of the place. Herein lie the law and the history of promotion.

Who is satisfied? Should not ministers be an example to the flock in this, as in all other matters? But ministers in one state sigh for the "greener pastures" of another state. They want a better, or, at least, a different climate, church, office, or salary. Some of the episcopal churches embarrass their bishops to the full limit of their endurance, and far beyond their power to make the required adjustments,

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with applications for transfer to better conditions of climate, church, residence, office, work, or salary. I do not say that all this is wrong; far from it; it may be, or it may not be. I do, however, cite it as a fair illustration of the discontent that there is in all classes, the unsatisfaction, if not chafing dissatisfaction, until there is no longer any East or West for "the Star of Empire."

Who is perfectly satisfied? Are you, reader? With the locality where you live? Would you not rather live, at least for a term of years, in Florida, or California, or on an Island of the Italian Lakes, or in some great city, or in the quietude of the country, and dream pastoral dreams as Wordsworth did at Grasmere? Are you satisfied with your salary, or income? Are there not multitudes with royal incomes who are not as meritorious as you are? You have worked hard always; you have fine talents, but it simply has not been your fortune to be recognized and appreciated at your true and full value; neither your abilities nor your industry have ever received an adequate monetary recompense. Are you satisfied with the attentions shown you? Do you not sometimes chafe under a sense of neglect and utter lack of appreciation? How many of your inferiors have you seen rapidly sent above you in position and emoluments! Are not the goods of this world very unequally divided? Why should there be millionaires striving to become billionaires, when multitudes have scarcely the necessities of mere existence, and so few the luxuries of life?

How about that long-delayed trip to Europe, or Palestine? How would you like to spend a summer in Chamounix, or Switzerland? Or, a winter in the land of your dreams? You are not very well; you have never had such a vacation, or outing; you are over-worked, and tired, O, so tired. You need the rest of it, the inspiration of it, the culture of it. Thousands cross the continent, or the

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Atlantic, or the Pacific, every year,—why not you? No; you are not satisfied; when you listen to the voices of unrest crying in your deepest soul. It is well. God would not have you satisfied.

Just such a series of questions might be addressed to our deepest natures. Are you satisfied with your spiritual attainments? Are your hopes as bright, your faith as strong, your life as pure, your consecration as perfect as they might be, as they should be? Are you ever burdened with a sense of sins, especially for sins of omission? Is there not much that has been left undone that might have been done? Are you as kind, as thoughtful, as affectionate, as unselfish as you should be? “No, no, a thousand times, no,” must be the answer if it be perfectly honest. You are not satisfied with your life, whether by “life” we mean the physical, the mental, or the spiritual. It must be ever so; it can never be otherwise, though there is a peace and contentment that nothing can ever disturb, and which grows deeper and sweeter as time rolls on. “My peace I give unto you; my peace I leave with you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.” “Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

Does not all this mean that we should plan for the future? It is the only way in which we may hope to realize our golden visions and dreams. Many a beautiful castle in the air has become more tangible and visible, and as it has become so, it has settled down and out of nebosity until it has stood solid and four-square, an accomplished fact, on the soil of this world. First the dream, then the reality. No vision, no reality. Better to dream and see visions, even if they can never become realities, than never to dream at all. Once a friend whispered “Europe!” in my ear; it was only a whisper; the dream, a wild, distorted thing, had been there long before; it needed but that whisper of a friend to make what has now long since been a memorable reality

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more beautiful now to dream over than were even the original castles in the air. Later have followed journeys over our own fair and diversified lands, with trips to Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Mexico, while still other dreams of travel abide. Will they, too, become realities?

It is impossible to write of restlessness, dissatisfaction, mental nervousness, ambition, day-dreams, castle-building, without, at the same time, noting how they are the basis of progress, and how they link themselves to a future broader and longer than the narrow bounds of this life.

Restless? Yes; perchance you are in a rural place, a country village, fixed there for years with no hope of change. Yet you are cultured, while all the people around you are uncultured; you are attuned to the finest harmonies, to the professional, the scholarly, the classical, and cultured, but you are now doomed to suffer from your environments, from intimate association with the raw, the crude and the boorish, from discords and amateurishness, from mediocrity and barbarisms, and, shrink from the thought as you may, you find yourself gradually lowering to these environments. Often you dream of the city, of refined cultured people as the loved associates of yourself and family; how sweet it would be to be surrounded by those who could appreciate you, your character, and the children of your brain. Again and again come the words of agony to your lips: "How long, O Lord, how long?" You are not satisfied. For God's sake, and for the sake of all that is best, DO NOT BE! Never be satisfied! Do not, however, chafe or worry, or complain even, or find fault with God or man,—only do not be satisfied.

"Thou and To-day, a soul sublime,
And the great, pregnant hour of Time,
And God Himself to join the twain,
Go forth, I say, attain, attain."

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Climb, strive, achieve, attain, persevere; not less, but how more work,—that is the law of life; not the law of being, but of LIFE. Remember, too, that every heart, especially every great heart, carries its own burdens and peculiar sorrows. There is no exception, and there is no royal road to the higher happiness. In all human probability, your sorrow, whatever it may be, is lighter than that borne by many around you, but so heroically, so uncomplainingly borne as to have escaped your notice. Make some inquiry; get beneath the calm surface, and all around you, you will find the dramas, the tragedies of life. And while you look, put forth your hand and heart to help.

“Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore,
Touched by a human hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken, will vibrate once more.”

Then, up, and on forever! “Aut viam veniam, aut faciam.” That is the spirit of this age of material things, and has, forever been the spirit of the Christ and of His people.

“I shall be satisfied, when I awake in His likeness.” Whatever it may mean, it cannot mean that my ambitions shall cease, that my energies shall stagnate, that I shall cease to think, to dream, to plan and achieve in that broader, sweeter, higher realm. The likeness to Him will not be simply material, though that alone must be inconceivably glorious and satisfactory, but it will be especially ethical and spiritual. Christ on earth was a very focus of burning activities; He was nervous, restless, energetic, potent, omnific, but always calm, self-centered, peaceful as a Summer’s day. He is still the center of all holy action, and the very heart of life, drawing all men unto Himself.

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To be satisfied will be to be like Him. This satisfaction will consist, in part, in seeing Him as we were never able to see Him before; in seeing, also, that our present station was, and still is the best for us; that we have within our reach everything that is essential to carry out any plan in harmony with the laws of God and of His universe; that the fountains of peace and content are within the limits of our own personalities.

It is said of Moses that "he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." "We endure as seeing Him who is invisible." Heaven is a radiant star, or a flaming Sun, so set in the heavens that we can always see it; no night or clouds, or storms, or distance can ever hide it,—they all only make it shine more brilliantly, and bring it nearer to Him whose gaze is fixed upon it. While so near, it is yet higher than any mountain, or than any thought, or imagination,—yet again, it reflects itself in oceans, lakes, and flowing streams, or in quiet pools, and lightens all the journey, or voyage of life. O, yes, To-morrow will be better than To-day. I shall rest by and by. "I shall be satisfied when I awake with His likeness."

This is a universal principle. Even the Oriental who has not been enlightened by God's words of hope and faith, dreams of rest, of oblivion; his spirit will enter Nirvana soon. Or, the atheist dreams of utter annihilation, perfect forgetfulness and extinction; he will go out as a candle that has burned out,—there is nothing more to burn. Incomparably superior is the Christian's knowledge and hope, amounting to demonstration. "For I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

FAITH AND HOPE.

“Primeval Hope, the Aonian muses say,
When man and nature mourned their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds of Heaven again;
All, all, forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.”

—*Campbell.*

CHAPTER XVI.

FAITH AND HOPE.

THIS brief chapter is not a treatise on Faith and Hope. It is, rather, a corollary of the preceding chapter, and is intended to show how Hope and Faith are elements of our spiritual nature, naturally connecting us with the "things above." To be under their control, and to consent to be guided by them, together with Love, is to be natural, and to lead a normal life; it is to get back into right relations with God, our fellow-men, and God's universe.

"We have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil!

An anchor must have weight, grappling points, and must touch bottom, to be of any use. Hope is the inspiration not only of youth, but of maturity and old age. It is made up of desire and expectation; it is a white bird on the mast, visible in every storm; it is the spring in the mechanism, giving resiliency and motion to all that is best in man; it is the cork on the upper edge of the net, lest the lead of life should drag us down to a bottom of ooze and death. Hope gives stability; it anchors, but its chain is long enough to combine the utmost freedom with unshaken steadfastness. Hope gives purity. "For every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself as He is pure."

The poet, after appealing to the ocean, the moon, the west, the isles, and finding rest in none of them, sings:—

"Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place

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From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love,
Best boon to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings,
And whispered: 'Yes, in Heaven'."

Hope is full of comfort. She is a colorist; she paints only in the brightest colors; she dips her brush into sunbeams; she borrows the tints of the roses, tulips, lilacs and daisies, she has about her the fragrance of the honeysuckle and the mignonette; she borrows from morning-glows and zenith splendours; she has gathered all that is fairest and brightest and purest and sweetest from valley and hill, from lake and mountain, from all God's Paradises (for He has many), and she pours it all forth again from full and inexhaustible cornu-copias, into the bosom of every true child of God. She is forever optimistic; she knows no backward glances, and shakes off the hindering, distressing, clinging ceremonies of the present; she refuses to have anything to do save only with the fresh, untrodden, unsullied, alluring pure, and smiling future. She says: "Look yonder to the heights." "Dost thou not see the rainbows, the verdure, the fragrant flowers, and the fruits fit for angels' fare?" "Hear the music of the birds, of cherubim and seraphim, and of the redeemed, for, if thou wilt listen, thou mayest already hear the music from the Mainland, even here on the Island of this, thy mortal life; be patient a little longer; endure as seeing the invisible near at hand." "Tomorrow will be better than To-day."

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HOPE'S SONG.

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone;
Singing as if God had taught it,—
“It is better farther on.”

Night and day it sings the sonnet,
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings it so my heart will hear it:
“It is better farther on.”

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken:
“It is better farther on.”

“Farther on! How much farther?
Count the milestones one by one?
No; no counting, only trusting,
‘It is better farther on.’”

Pity, men and angels, and God pity, too, the soul whose eye is never lifted by hope to the future of another and a better coming world. Such are the trials, the sorrows, the vexations, and temptations of this life, at its very best, that we all need this central attraction, the promise of that life where “we shall be satisfied,” the “Hope that dwells eternal in the human breast.” Only we cannot adopt Farrar’s phrase, “Eternal Hope,” for the Book both teaches and warns us that if we do not enter into His kingdom here and now, if we are excluded at last because we reject Jesus Christ, for “no man cometh unto the Father but by me,”—then will Hope fold her bright wings never to spread them again,

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and we shall surely enter the land of hopelessness and despair. Dante's legend, written over his "Inferno," is, doubtless true:—

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Faith, the sister of Hope, unites her voice in blending harmony, and says in unshaken accents: "It is all true; you shall be satisfied." "I shall be satisfied." Reason wants to know how it is possible and whispers many doubts, but Faith says sturdily: "It will all come to pass. Every promise shall become beatific realization." Faith paints no pictures; she is not a painter nor a poetess, but a sturdy prophet and seer; she admits of no doubts or wavering; she rests implicitly in the "Thus saith the Lord." That, with her, is the end of all controversy; she is clear-eyed, telescopic in vision; she can see better in the night-time than in the day-time; better in the twilight than at noonday; she needs no artificial aids; she never hesitates for a single moment; her conclusions are as swift and as unerring as inspired intuitions; she steps out into space expecting that the Hand of God will be there to bear her up; that He will make the rolling, shifting waves adamant under her adventurous feet; unlike Peter, she keeps her eyes upon God, and not upon the threatening waves around her; for that reason, she never falters, never sinks.

Faith, after a while, like Hope, becomes a soul-habit, and triumphs over every difficulty, literally over every obstacle, over trials of patience, sorrows, calamity, youth, old age, death, and over things worse than death a thousand fold; she is perfectly adapted to every station, to all periods of life, climate or condition; to every nation and tribe, to every degree of talent or culture, and is as much an integral part of our personalities as is memory or reason, or as our organ of vision. Faith sustains the same relation to our spiritual nature that the organ of vision sustains to

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our body, and, just as light is the objective reality of sight, so is Truth the correspondence, or objective answer of Faith. There is just as much sense and Scripture for praying for an increase of faith as there is in praying for the increase of the powers of our memory or reason, or for our bodily vision,—just as much but no more. Usually when we pray for faith and its increase, we mean that we want the fruits of faith. “Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.” Faith comes by its exercise, and that is made easy by the presence of the Holy Spirit; to have more faith, exercise the faculty as you now possess it; to have more and better memory, use your memory as it now is; it will strengthen by use, and in no other way; the same is true of faith.

When we analyze any distressing dissatisfaction here, we find that it is usually made up of selfishness, pride, jealousy, ingratitude, or some other sin, subjective or objective, or, perhaps, it is the outgrowth of some permanent defect or blemish of character for which we may not be wholly responsible. But this is something different and lower than the dreaming, the ambition which impels us to ceaseless activities, and makes us give our “castles in the air,” a local habitation and a place among our achievements. The dissatisfaction of pride, of selfishness, and of other evil humors of the soul, is, possibly, the only kind that will be taken away from us, that shall cease to exist in root or seed “when we shall awake in His likeness.”

Many of the dissatisfactions of this life arise from our misunderstandings; because we misinterpret motives and conduct; we have been bitter against a brother or sister, when, if we had really understood them, we should have given them the hand of help rather than the bitter tongue; we are disappointed in our friend, not because he merits it, but because we do not understand him, and we ourselves do not have the charity “which thinketh no evil.”

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“If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,—
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the plain that hides the way,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known,
Love, beyond the Orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day,
Heart to heart we bide the shadows
Till the mists have cleared away.”

Faith is vitally connected with our satisfaction. When we leave the table, we are satisfied; that is, *satis*, *facio*, made full; but, in a few hours, especially if we work or exercise, we return again to the same table as hungry as ever, and so on through all the period of our physical lives; our physical life depends upon the gratification of our appetites, and there are few physical delights sweeter than the supplying of our hunger and thirst by wholesome, suitable food and drink. Thus, too, we shall be satisfied when we have received “all the fulness of God.” Faith is never satisfied; it seeks new truth for its incarnation; it ever returns to the banquet spread before it on the limitless tables of truth. And, as by faith, we partake more and more of the divine nature, whether in this world, or some other; as we grow into His likeness, the earth and the things of the earth lose their attractiveness; we are made to feel the superior

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attraction of another world; we are drawn toward Him and into Him. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto myself."

As the eye was made for light, the lungs for atmospheric air, the tympanum for sound waves, the hand for grasping, truth for faith, and Heaven for hope,—so, man was made for God, and in the image of God. He can, therefore, never know rest, he can never be satisfied until, like the dove fluttering over a wild waste, he returns to the Ark. Man must have physical and mental and spiritual food; his spiritual environment is God; as herbivorous animals die upon the food for the carnivora, and *visa versa*, so man, without God, dies on the best side of his nature; to be "dead in trespasses and sins," is the most direful and awful of all calamities.

The disturbing element in this universe, is sin. There can be no rest, no real satisfaction anywhere as long as sin rules; to be wholly emptied of it; to be forever in love with holiness, and filled with the "divine fulness"; to be sincerely and with the whole nature in quest of God; to "pant after Him as the hart pants for the cooling water-brooks"; to be absolutely pure and holy because of the presence of the Holy One, and to be practically, (though not really) impeccable, as we shall be "when we awake with His likeness,"—that it is to be satisfied.

It is by the exercise of the faculty of faith that we apprehend and receive the truth as it is in Christ. The Bible emphasizes the efficiency and the need of faith. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." Faith is always antecedent to the spiritual life, and to the "satisfying portion." When faith, under the illumination and urgency of the Holy Spirit, embraces the truth, then Hope begins to sing, a new optimism begins to reign that takes no denial, and that enables the soul to move on in constant victory.

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“Soon the shadows will be gone:

Soul, sing on!

Night is drifting to the dawn,

Soul, sing on!

Soon the vales of morning blest,

Tired, yet thankful, thou shalt rest

With God's roses on thy breast,—

Soul, sing on!”

PERSONALITIES IN HEAVEN.

“And what more shall I say? For time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection; and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.”

CHAPTER XVII.

PERSONALITIES IN HEAVEN.

NOTHING is so permanently interesting as great personalities. We can never take such deep, such delightful, such self-compensating interest in places or things as we do in persons. As a fountain of knowledge, of inspiration, for the attrition and polishing of the mind, for the increase of spirituality, for all enduring good,—nothing can equal association with godlike but human personalities. It were worth while, even in this life, to cross a continent; or spend a fortune, to live, even for a few years, under the influence and affluence, the stimulating sunshine and benediction of a great man, or woman; such a nature stimulates and fructifies all that is noble and holy in us. It is not books, but personalities that mould and build us chiefly; our parents, our teachers, our ministers, and most intimate associates,—it is they that have carved us and modelled us more than anything else save only that subjective power of volition, of free choice which places us above angelic ranks, and makes us kin to God.

Deeds are forever less than personalities. The greatest achievements of genius are only scintillations of the personalities whence they flash. The best painting, the best statue, the best structure, the best sermon, is never the measure of the person which gave it birth and being. There is always more and better behind. The richest gems never lie glittering and radiant upon the surface; you dig the gold; you dive for the pearl; you climb for the view; personality is like that; it is deep, and high, and inexhaustible. Shah Jehan's architect designed and built for him the Taj Mahal, a mausoleum for his favorite wife; it is a "dream in marble," in mosaics and jewels; it was

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twenty-one years in building, and, during that time, twenty thousand artisans and workmen were employed upon it; it cost fifty millions of dollars. When it was finished, the cruel Shah put out the eyes of the architect that there might never be another Taj Mahal which might rival or eclipse his own. This merciless Shah well knew that the personality is greater than its highest achievement, and that were still other and more perfect Temples germinating in the fertile brain of his architect. There are other domes than that of St. Peter's in Michael Angelo Buonarotti's cosmic soul, and other statues of Moses in that inexhaustible personality, than the one called forth by Pope Julius II., and now adorning the church of San Pietro di Vinculi, in Rome. What sermons have been preached by Wesley, Spurgeon, Simpson, Brooks, Parker, and Beecher, but more and better slumbered in these men than were ever spoken by their eloquent lips. It is said that

“Round sweet Xenophon rapt myriads hung,
And liquid honey dropped from Plato's tongue,”

and what fire flashed from Shakespeare's eyes; what verses rolled from the stylus of Homer like unto his own “polyphloisboian sea,” or his “rosy-fingered Morn”; what grace and beauty adorn the verses of England's poet-laureate as he sang for many happy years in London and on the Isle of Wight. But each and all had but fairly tried their wings, had but begun to sing in the language of truth, in stone or marble, or upon the canvas, when their pinions were folded, and their voices hushed by death. Here, as we have shown in another chapter, we have an unanswerable argument for the immortality of the soul. But why repeat the thought in different forms? The personality is like the widow's cruse of oil; the more you take out of it, the more there is in it; or; like the bread the Master blessed and broke

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for the multitude; it multiplies, and grows more sweet and nourishing the more it is broken in holy service; or, like the memory, or any other faculty, the more it is used in normal ways, the more retentive, the more facile and strong it becomes, and, as far as we know, there is no limit.

Let us dwell a moment on the thought of Heaven's personalities in their entirety. Endeavor to group them in your mind; then analyze and individualize the different groups. How well-nigh infinite in their variety and diversity; kaleidoscopic and inexhaustible in their interest, and, with their individual obligingness, they constitute the best school, or university in the universe. All tribes, all kindreds, peoples, languages, dialects, nationalities, climates and countries will be represented. They shall come from all points of the compass, from all antipodes, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of Heaven. The possibilities of such aggregations in way of great Councils, Parliaments, Congresses, and Conferences will be simply unspeakable, and of supreme interest and importance, and will, doubtless, result in the solution of many problems for which no possible solutions could be found here.

Consider, too, the possible combinations and permutations, with groups, and with the individuals constituting the almost innumerable groups; they transcend all mathematics, and upon the most interesting, instructive and fascinating themes and persons conceivable by the mind. It is almost vain to try to mass the possible groups, as it is not easy to find principles of classification. But we know that God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, constitute the highest and most important group of all Heaven's personalities. God, the Triune God is infinite, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, without origin and self-existent, and from eternity through all the eternities the same. All mercy, all goodness, holiness, power; all

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light, all perfections are in Him; He will be the perennial, the inexhaustible Fountain from which all the inhabitants of Heaven may drink refreshing draughts of love, of joy, of holy zeal, and knowledge beyond all limitations, and beyond our power now to understand or even to dream.

The Bible clearly tells us that there are other beings of whom we know but little now; they are the angels "who have kept their first estate"; the cherubim and seraphim that linger around the Throne of God. Milton says of them:

"Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his Throne rejoicing."

Doubtless, there are myriads of these, and as they even now are "ministering spirits," sent to guide and care for those who are "heirs of salvation," so they will contribute much to our eternal felicities. They are beings of great power, knowledge, radiancy, and inherent majesty; and, as they have never known sin, they will be quite as interesting to us as we will be to them. What splendid and well-qualified escorts they will be to show us the vastness and the glory of that Heaven which they have known so long, and which has not entered into our imagination to conceive.

But the group in which we shall be most deeply interested will be that great "blood-washed throng which no man can number." To this group, this vast multitude, you and I, dear reader, belong. It is a genus with myriads of species. It is capable of many subdivisions; there will be the Orientals and the Occidentals; Chinese and Japanese, European and Negro, the American and the Caucasian, and the dweller in the numberless islands, and the Antipodes.

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Or, the grouping might be made according to mental tendencies and vocation while on this planet; what a group of scholars and philosophers, poets and historians, authors and teachers and ministers, rulers and lawyers, physicians and nurses, servants, the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water," inventors and discoverers, learned and unlearned, kings and princes, queens and menials, and so on almost *ad infinitum*. Or, the grouping might be made on the lines of sex, or relationship. Husbands, and wives, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, perhaps long and widely separated here, but gathering in Yonderland in ever-increasing numbers, and involving introductions, and a rapidly-enlarging circle of friends and kindred here unknown. Thus will the lost be found, the forgotten restored to memory and to loving and unbroken reunion. There will be surprises, too. O, will it be, must it be that some will not be there whom we fully expected to see? Will there be that other surprise of finding many whom we did not expect to see there? But it has not been truly nor wisely said that the greatest of all the surprises will be to find ourselves there; it will, possibly, be the greatest joy, but it will not be a surprise, for we are now on the way, and already we have "Christ in us, the hope of glory."

What possible denominational aggregations there may be! But will there be such unions and re-unions? We can, of course, never forget the denominations to which we belong, and for which we have labored so long, nor the friends, peculiarly dear, we made and cherished in our denominational affiliations. There must be always kindredship of minds according to mental bias, training, and mental constitution:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

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I can see no objection, but much satisfaction and joy in great heavenly convocations, re-unions, and parliaments. But they would be for memory, for friendships' sake, for ascriptions of praise to God, for new lines of thought and investigation, and never for denominational pride and glory; there could not possibly be any tinge of jealousy, or pride or competition. Every door, like every heart, must be open there for the admission of all. I want no Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Roman Catholic Heaven; such a Heaven is an impossible concept, under the principles of Christianity.

Art thou blood-washed? Art thou holy by His abounding grace? Art thou "prepared for the prepared Place"? Have you conquered and are you still conquering by faith in the crucified One? No other question is worth the asking. Then enter thou, "into the joy of the Lord." Then mayest thou dwell "in His presence where there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand where there are pleasures forevermore."

The suggestiveness of this chapter may be enhanced by a little further grouping. The patriarchs will be there. What sublimely interesting characters will Adam and Eve be! They are unlike all other created intelligences, strictly *sui generis*. Enoch, Noah, and the three men whose names are always spoken together, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—their persons and history, how fascinatingly interesting! Methuselah and Melchizedek! Reflect, also, upon the poets and the prophets, those tall luminaries in the early dawn of history, then, as still, the beacon-lights of the centuries. What a magnificent coterie will be all the splendid characters of the Bible in both the Old and New Testament Scriptures, including, as they do, the pioneers of all the civilizations, the earliest apostles, evangelists, reformers, missionaries, and martyrs,—men and women who "counted not their lives dear unto themselves," for the sake of the

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Christ and God whom they loved and served. From the first centuries, following the lines of Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek and Roman histories until now, an ever-increasing host of the wisest and best, the vanguards and leaders of all that is worthy and best,—these all are gathered there, and will be accessible to you and to me. We might, too, make groups according to languages and dialects; every one, from the Garden of Eden, when there was but one language, to this time of babel, when there are hundreds of languages and dialects, will be represented. Will each remember his native tongue? In India alone there are one hundred languages and fifty dialects spoken by about three hundred million people, Aryan, Dravidian, Kolarian. But, doubtless, while each may still be able to converse in his own language as he did upon the earth, he will also be able to speak the language of Heaven, whatever that may be.

Rapidly now is the populous Orient receiving the Christ, and Hindu and Braham, Buddhist and Islam, as they receive Him, as, perhaps, all the inhabitants of the Celestial City, will speak, at last, that language to which the angels have been accustomed in the untold centuries of the past. This question of Heaven's vernacular opens up an interesting field of speculation, but as there is no revelation we refrain from entering it.

I have not yet mentioned another possible grouping, or classification,—I mean the children, or childhood. It is well known, and it is a delightful fact, that Heaven is populous with children, and that there are no children in Hell. “Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.” “Unless ye receive the kingdom of Heaven as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter therein.” Childhood has humility; it has great helpfulness in helplessness; it is teachable and loving; and so we too must be if we wish to be the children of the Heavenly

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Father, and to be gathered into His great family, Home at last. But what a splendid, what a vastly interesting group, and what a host it will be, still retaining all the sweet qualities of childhood, yet growing and expanding as others in their knowledge, love, wisdom, and approach to God.

As I have reflected upon these glorious luminaries, these radiant and peculiar personalities, men, women and children, belonging to every period of history, and to every part of this and other worlds, and that I may have all eternity to learn of them and with them,—it has seemed to me that Heaven is, indeed, worth living for; worth self-crucifixion, worth self-denial, fasting, and prayer; worth martyrdom, if that should ever be necessary.

SORROW AND HEAVEN.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them who did Him wrong:
Who follow in His train?

A noble band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the torch of flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel:—
Who follows in His train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

—*R. Heber*

CHAPTER XVIII.

SORROW AND HEAVEN.

LIFE is not the same to all. Many seem to escape all its burdens and sorrows. They are born "with silver spoons in their mouths." They walk in paths covered with roses and other fragrant flowers; they ride in palace cars; they manage to escape the cold of the winters and the heat of the summers; they spin their automobiles through parks and by the side of lovely lakes and smiling rivers; they "eat the fat of the land," and drink nothing less safe and sparkling than Appollinaris. There are, without doubt, many inequalities of life, and many of them seem to be providential partialities. But these partialities are neither so great nor so lasting, nor so advantageous as the superficial observer thinks. "God is no respecter of persons." Life must be taken in its entirety; there are burdens, vexations, and sorrows from which even the rich can have no immunity. "There is no going from Delilah's lap into Abraham's bosom." There is no such thing as living in sin and getting the rewards of virtue at the same time. No automobile can scale the heights of the mountain of holiness, where are found the chief delights of life. There is no immunity from death. The other day the richest man in the world died, a billionaire, and in the midst of his career; he dies in South Africa in the midst of his diamond fields; every diamond was left behind, save the diamond of character. Wealth, like poverty, has its trials and thorns. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The woes of life are more equally distributed than we suppose. It is one of our weaknesses to imagine that we are less fortunate than our fellow-men. If we were to exchange crosses, all the skeletons would come stalking

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forth from their closets, and, in most instances, we would find that, after all, our own cross suits us the best; we are accustomed to it; we know its sharpest points, and know better how to manage it, and, thus far, His grace has been sufficient." Let us not be envious of the rich, or the so-called "great." There is room and use for all, the small and lowly as well as the high and mighty; each must fill his niche in life:—

"Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place;
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face;
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whatever it be:
Think he has chosen you for it;
Work loyally."

It is the purpose of this chapter to show that Heaven is not only a glorious, revealed fact, but that it is a philosophically necessary principle, an ethical necessity, in the scheme of life. No one is so strong, so self-reliant as not to need the thoughts, the hope of Heaven to aid him in bearing the ills of life.

"Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail."

We find Moses, one of the greatest of all the leaders of men—erudite with all the knowledge of his time, the palmy days of Egyptian culture and art, self-assertive though he was, glorying in his strength, and in the miracle-working powers which he possessed, and his high favor with Jehovah,—we find him "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproaches of Christ greater

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riches than the treasures of Egypt, for HE HAD RESPECT UNTO THE RECOMPENSE OF THE REWARD."

It is written of Jesus Himself: "Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

"Life is a duty,—dare i ;
Life is a burden,—bear it;
Life is a thorn-crown,—wear it;
Though it break thy heart in twain,
Though thy burden bear thee down,
Close thy lips, and stand the pain,—
First the Cross, and then the Crown."

And it is only the thought of the crown, and that each day brings it nearer our possession, which enables us to "close the lips," to wear "the thorn-crown" first, and to go through life with a "broken heart."

There is a deep meaning in suffering and pain. Who of us ministers has not preached upon "The Mission and Mystery of Pain?" It is a discipline which is necessary to give us fitness for life and meetness for Heaven. None of God's children escapes such discipline, "for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." The heart of sorrow is the most fruitful birthplace of prevailing prayer. Out of the fiery furnace of trial has come the purest gold of Christian character. Many have never learned to look up until they were cast down deep into some pit, or dark well of human misery, from which there was only one direction to look. The bereavements, temptations, sorrows, storms of life, when met by a spirit of courage and faith, are the rounds of a ladder on which we rise to God. The divinest arts have been born in environments of poverty and despair. God hath chosen

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the "base," the "weak," the "foolish" things with which to "confound the mighty." To the Greek, there is no wisdom in this method; it is all "foolishness" to him. Possibly, there are more Greeks now than in the times of Christ. It is when the lofty, the self-sufficient, and the proud are brought low that they learn

"How vain are all things here below,"

and not until then do they begin to look up and beyond present realities; it is then that Heaven, as a recompense, as a place of eternal joys, begins to draw them, and comfort them for all their losses.

While we must always deplore the manner in which our sorrows have come upon us, and that we ourselves have been the chief instruments, yet we may still rejoice in them since they have opened our eyes, and turned our attention to supernatural blessings and powers.

Many of the poets have sung of this life as a "tempestuous voyage," and so, indeed, it is. But the storm is a tonic to a courageous heart. How the storm-king sometimes howls! How every sail is rent, and the masts themselves are down upon the deck! How the breakers rise before us, and threaten to engulf us! How timid and fearful we are! But, in such a time, like the Moravians upon the Atlantic, at whose serenity in a terrific storm, Wesley marvelled, the true Christian has no fear, no solicitude, since the sooner "death," the sooner life, eternal, painless life with God. As Clausen has sung:—

"Some day, I know not when or where,
Beyond the driving tempest's blast,
Within a quiet harbor-bar
I shall cast anchor, safe at last.

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Some day, full soon, sweet Eden's shore
May burst upon my raptured sight;
And I shall see the Glory Land
Bathed in the Lamb's eternal light.

For He who braved the storm-king's wrath,
And stilled the waves of Gallilee,
Will safely guide my storm-tossed bark
Across life's dark, tempestuous sea."

In the thought of Heaven, there is encouragement for the wanderer, the prodigal from his father's house. The deepest anguish is not to bear the death of our loved ones; it is not the loss of health and fame; nor is it in the loss of one's good name and reputation, bitter as that may be; it is not in meagerness, in poverty, or a pinching, narrow environment; it is not in being compelled all one's life to occupy a lower place than that larger arena which our consciousness tells us we could well fill, and better than others who have crowded themselves, or have been thrust by influential friends, into these larger places; it is not to be victims, all our days, of amateurishness when our soul would fain delight itself in the works of the masters; many such lives there are, and may God pity them. To all such, the thought of Heaven must be very sweet; nothing else can mitigate their sufferings. But there may be no sin in all this, and, for that reason, none of these conditions can bring the deepest suffering. To find that, you must explore the whole personality, body, mind and soul, and the environment of one who has imbruted himself, who has become besotted with vice, and has been rendered, if not entirely, yet well-nigh hopeless and despairing, and whose anguish is intensified by the thought that it might all have been otherwise; that he himself is responsible for the loathsomeness of his life and character. From the depths of his untold miseries he

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cries: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But there is no response; there is for him no "balm in Gilead; there is no kind physician." He is the prodigal among the swine of his own choosing. From this body of death and corruption he cries for deliverance with feebleness and feebleness accents, and yet he sees and knows all the while that it emanates from himself, and he is still unable to forget a time when it was otherwise; when he was innocent and pure as others; when, perhaps, he was numbered with the saints of God. A Judas, a Byron, a Nero,—ah, who can tell? God knows! Strange paradox of human life, and yet how true, and borne out by all history, that it is often the best, the strongest, the most richly endowed, that wander furthest away, and are the most helplessly lost. The tragic, the pathetic stories of human frailty in many missions and havens and settlements, where lost men and women are reclaimed, show us demons in human bosoms that it is almost impossible to displace; hells of torment whose fires, but for God's restraining grace, would long since have dethroned reason, and consumed life itself. The reclamation of such characters, their perfect sanctification, their future lives of holiness, consecration and unselfish devotion to Jesus Christ, not only greatly magnify the grace and love of God, but they also demonstrate that faith and hope are essential means in the work of reclamation; also, that it is better to weep over the fallen, to lift them up as Christ did, than to throw stones at them:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Someone, I know not who, perhaps, Sarah Williams, has a little poem entitled, "The Mark of Rank," which fits well into this thought:—

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“Is it so, O Christ in Heaven, that the highest suffer most;
That the strongest wander furthest and more helplessly
are lost;
That the mark of rank in nature, is capacity for pain;
That the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the
strain?

Is it so, O Christ in Heaven, that whichever way we go,
Halls of darkness must surround us, things we would but
cannot know;
That the infinite must bound us, like a temple veil unrent,
While the finite ever wearies so that none attains content?

Is it so, O Christ in Heaven, that the fulness yet to come,
Is so glorious and so perfect, that to know would strike us
dumb;
That if only for a moment we could pierce beyond the sky,
With these poor, dim eyes of mortals, we would just see
God and—die?”

And this is specially for those who have come up “through
great tribulation,” for it is such that are deeply oppressed
with a sense of their unworthiness. They have deserved
nothing “but the wrath and indignation of God,” but have
received nothing but His mercy and love. With Whittier,
in his deep humility, they sing:—

“No gate of pearl no branch of palm I merit,
No street of shining gold.

Suffice it if my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

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Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long."

Night and day, not only alternate, but they touch and blend; the darkest night is followed by the most brilliant morning; it takes the blinding fog of the mirage to make your ship sail clearly in the sky; we learn wisdom by our sorrows; our natures are deepened and mellowed and fructified by the rending plowshare of pain; the tears of Penitence clarify the eyes of Faith. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." We could never have the thrill of joy which comes with our returning loved ones, if we had not first endured the pain of being so long separated from them; we should never have the elegance and comforts of the new home, if the old, with all its fond memories, had not been torn down, root and branch, to make place for the new; the deeper the plowshare goes the more mellow and productive the soil becomes; the more earnest the cry of the soul the sooner it reaches the ear of God; the heart-strings may vibrate in anguish, or they may be torn and considered worthless by men, but God can re-tune them so that they will make sweeter music for this world. Men have no use for "broken things," but God has. Broken wings, broken lives, reputation, "broken hearts." God can and does use them all. To be traduced, calumniated, misunderstood, crushed, crucified, the nails driven by "friends," who should have lifted up and saved, (can anything be harder?) only brings nearer One who

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saves the innocent, (they, too, need protection), as well as the guilty, takes them to His great heart, saves and comforts them. Even here we are already "safe in the arms of Jesus." It is better to spend tedious nights in a den of lions, if Jesus be there, than in a king's palace without Him. The "I will" of a human spirit, choosing God and Heaven, as an irrevocable choice, and in the face of alluring temptations, is the most sublime thing in human conduct, and sets all the joy-bells of Heaven ringing. Spiritual mysteries become light and plain when Affliction has burned the dross of our materialisms. If we climb to Pisgah's height, we shall surely see the Promised Land, and, in God's own good way and time, we shall enter, too.

"Believe, believe
It is a blessed thing to grieve;
Knowledge and Pleasure dwell apart;
Wisdom mates with the broken heart;
Only the eyes cleansed oft with tears
Perceive the meaning of the years:
Unto the sight thus purified,
The gates of Mystery open wide;
The patient watching makes to know
This life and that to which we go."

Our sorrows bring us into the fellowship of all the noble spirits of all the ages, and, especially, do they drive us to the side of the "Man of Sorrows." It is written of Him that "He is the despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were, our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the

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chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed."

There is vicariousness in all suffering; we cannot suffer in vain; it is by suffering that "the peaceable fruits of righteousness," and a well-poised character are, at last, produced to bless others as well as ourselves. The law of vicariousness runs through all nature, and through all life, as we now know it. The mineral gives itself for the vegetable which lifts it into the realm of life; the vegetable is, in turn, sacrificed for the animal above it; and the highest of all the animals, but still an animal, man, who stands above all, and rules all,—O, what reeking altars, what slaughter pens, what rivers of pure blood are shed for him daily! What bleating sheep and innocent lambs, what lowing herds lay down their lives for him as an animal merely! But, for man's redemption, and to make Heaven a possibility, the Lamb of God is slain "from the foundation of the world." Humiliation, disgrace, infamy, death, in its most painful and infamous form, Gethsemane and Calvary are all endured by Him whose love and purity, whose deeds and character enchain the thought and enlist the affections of the world. He, too, was made "perfect through suffering." That is, He was thus made perfect as a Saviour, "the perfect Captain of our salvation." In character and deeds He was always perfect.

Suffering often makes us conscious of qualities that we did not dream we possessed. God could show us our real natures no other way. The hammer of adversity is in God's hands; He never strikes a blow amiss, nor one too many. "All things work together for good to them that love God; to them who are the called according to His purpose." ALL THINGS! At college, with our geological hammers, we sought the quartz crystals; we struck vigorous blows to break away the encasing formation, but proceeded more carefully when a spike of a crystal

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presented itself; we cared nothing for the encasing stone, but we did care much for the beautiful and precious crystal whose liberation from its encasing mould was our purpose. God cares little for the environment which we prize too highly; often He crushes it that He may bring into the sunlight the transparent, the sanctified character to shine and reflect His image.

“In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master’s touch, the sculptor’s chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke! Do with us as Thou wilt,
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred,
Complete Thy purpose that we may become
Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord.”

“What shall we say then to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?”

“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

“Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.”

“For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

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To wait patiently for the Lord, never to let a murmur escape our lips, but to rejoice even in our afflictions, in our severest trials, to put our defense into His hands, and not to strike back when smitten,—that it is to be Pauline and Christlike; that it is to live the life of faith and hope, and to set the world the example it most needs.

“If in thy path some thorns are found,
O, think who bore them on His brow;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
It reached a holier than thou.

Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee;
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.”

Sunshine and clouds, lights and shadows are often blended in this world; suffering and joy are near relatives; peace and discord follow each other; earth is the vestibule of Heaven; it is a mistake to suppose that sorrows are not compatible with the deepest serenity, or that a life of toil and pain may not, at last, be crowned with eternal joys. Wm. Cullen Bryant puts it beautifully in one of his familiar and immortal lyrics:—

“Deem not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

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There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And Grief may bide an evening guest,
But Joy will come with morning light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here."

One day, when Michael Angelo, who was not only a painter, sculptor, and an architect, but also a poet, was engaged upon a block of marble, a holy thought sought expression; he laid aside his tools, took up his pen, and wrote this couplet:—

"The more the marble wastes,
The more the statue grows."

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“Here dwells the saint in pure delight,
Here dreams he visions sweet;
Here walks he in the summer light,
Where happy angels meet:—
In Borderland.

Where does the rapturous music ring
Adown the heights undreamt?
There radiant Hope is on the wing:
Two worlds are in it blent,—
In Borderland.

His eyes unfilmed, can now behold
The glories none can tell;
He fain would walk the streets of gold,
He yields him to the spell
Of Borderland.

O, happy land, with Heaven so near,
Just waiting for the Day;
The pilgrim saint, without a fear,
Delights to praise and pray
In Borderland.

Welcome sweet, eternal life,
Ended now is all my strife;
I mount, I live, I rise, I fly,
Angels fill the sunny sky;
Clouds dissolve to faces bright,
Raptures burst upon my sight,—
Flowers and friends and perfumes rare,
Music thrills,—fills all the air.”

CHAPTER XIX.

BORDERLAND.

I KNOW a company of nearly one hundred men and women, of which company the youngest is sixty-five, and the oldest ninety-five years of age. They call themselves the "Sunrise Society." They are living in "Borderland," or in "Beulah Land." Why do they call themselves the "Sunrise," rather than the "Sunset Society?" Because darkness follows the sunset, while glorious day follows the sunrise, and with them it is nearing the dawn of an Eternal Day. They sing:—

"The morning sun is rising fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

O, come, angel band,
Come, and around me stand:
O, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my eternal Home."

The rising sun never bursts full-orbed and instantaneously above the horizon. First the herald streaks announce the coming of the god of day; perchance, brilliantly illumined clouds lie in strata of gold and fire, in purple and silver along the horizon; then, later, myriads of fiery spear-points and darting lines shoot through every cloud, and the breath of Morning lifts them and drives them rapidly away,

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no man knoweth whither; the sparkling dews, the odorous flowers, the singing birds, the stir of life, the hum of industry, the shortening shadows, the rising sun, higher and higher until Noon is king, and Day has forgotten Night. Life, all life is great, and "to be living, is sublime."

The aged pilgrim, with dulled hearing and failing sight, slowly moving on through Borderland, is just in the morning twilight of a blissful, coming Day, whose sun shall never set, that eternal life which is the supreme gift of God. Life, boundless, blissful life, sparkling in youth, burning still in the bones of age, flowing in the strong currents of desire, lifting high its crowned head in holy ambitions and pure aspirations. Life, with its loves and fears, its foaming happiness and its deep undercurrents of joy and peace. Life, in Borderland, with its outlook, its battle-cry, its coming, dawning glories, its final victory!

It is a physical fact that if we could get beyond the attraction of gravitation, we would then fall or fly from this to some other planet, or to that radiant star which we call our sun. The saints of God, young and old, who live in Borderland, are in the attraction of Heaven; they feel that attraction and yield themselves to it much more than to the attractions of this earth, their temporary residence; they are pilgrims and strangers here, and claim their real citizenship in "The City That Lieth Four-Square." Their thoughts are above; their motives of life are not the nearer things, but they have their origin hard by the throne of God; their ambitions are not circumscribed by the narrow limits of this life. It is not simply a beautiful poem, but a blessed experience they sing with Wesley:—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

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O, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock and hill and brook and vale
With milk and honey flow.

O'er all those wide, extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away."

Borderland is a land of mystery on both sides; both on this and its further side; it is both cis-Alpine and trans-Alpine; it is the meeting-place of two worlds; the trysting place of Time and Eternity. The poets have put a stream between the two, but, many who have gone down into the

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mystic realm, have found neither valley nor stream, but only a sweet surprise, a company of angels, familiar friends, and the pain and anguish of death have been merged and forgotten in the bliss of life. This world, with its marvellous insistence, pushes itself into the future world whose secrets and mysteries are so carefully guarded and withheld from our gaze; yet, too, the mystic gates on the other edge of Borderland are often left ajar, and ravishing glimpses have been accorded to those who have entered through the gates we call "Death," but whose real name is "Life." On this side they are lettered: "The Gates of Death." But the same portals, on the other side, are marked, "The Gates of Life." How many have stood on Pisgah heights, and have caught more than mere glimpses of the Promised Land; and, like John of Patmos, were not permitted, then, to enter, but have come back to tell us what they saw.

"For weary feet
Awaits a street
Of wondrous pave and golden;
For hearts that ache
The angels wake
The story sweet and olden."

It is in this Borderland where so many sweet things are found of thought, of experience and expression; of hope and faith and ecstatic vision; enough to fill many volumes of song and sight, of visions and dreams, of Pisgah views, of death-bed raptures, and mountain-top realities. It is here that Phebe Cary sang:—

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my Home to-day
Than I've ever been before.

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Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But, lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light."

The fear, the timidity which we so often feel, and that makes us tremble as we approach the pain and the mysteries of the last hour, are often entirely dispelled when, at last, we reach the gateway. We do not need dying grace until we come to the hour, and then God will be with us as so many millions have found. But it is only natural and human to pray as Whittier did:—

"When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the wind, from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou, who hast made my home-life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O, Love divine, O Helper, ever-present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

I have but Thee, my Father; let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold."

It is as we approach Borderland, rather than in that land, where our hope and faith are tested.

Paul Boyton, fifty miles from the Irish coast, in the Atlantic ocean, on a dark and stormy night, slips down over

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the side of the vessel into the cold, tumultuous waves of a merciless sea; he depends upon the rubber suit he wears to bear his head above the waves until he can propel himself to the far-distant shore. I have a similar plunge to make; I must make it alone, and with the film of death gathering over my eyes, with sounds of earth growing dull and distant. Will the anchor hold? Will faith be steady and unwavering in its last test? What is the testimony of those who have made the plunge?

Frances Ridley Havergal, dying in extreme physical pain, said to her friends: "I have a good, big foundation to stand on! It is my Lord Jesus Christ."

Michael Angelo, in extreme old age, wrote these lines:—

"Well nigh the voyage is now overpast,
And my frail bark, through troubled seas and rude,
Draws near the common haven where, at last,
Must due account be rendered; well I know
How vain will then appear the favored art,
Sole idol long and monarch of my heart;
For all is vain that man desires below.
And now remorseful thoughts my soul alarm,—
That which must come, and that beyond the grave;
Picture and sculpture lose their feeble charm,
And to that Help Divine I turn for aid
Who from the cross extends His arm to save."

Alfred Cookman sang no song of doubt as he "swept through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb," Doubt never sings.

"Enoch walked with God, and he was not for God took him."

Elijah, somewhere in mid-air, passed through the change which all must have, and, with angel escorts, he, too, swept through the gates of pearl, in his chariot of fire.

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Bishop Haven, in Borderland, and expecting to find the "river" of which he had sung, and whose cold waters he feared, said with his latest breath: "I find no river here."

President McKinley, calm and self-possessed, unshaken by any physical agonies, clear in his mind and firm in his faith, whispered with quivering lips:—

"Nearer, my God to Thee.
Nearer to Thee!"

"It is God's way! Good-bye all!"

The last words that ever fell from the mortal lips of the author of "Ben Hur", were the sublime words: "Thy will be done."

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as he met the death-angel, quietly said: "It is, really, nothing much, after all."

Another bishop exclaimed: "O, the pain and bliss of dying."

Pliny, from much clinical observation, declared it as his opinion, that the moment of death was the most exquisite instant of life.

Dr. Solander was so delighted with the sensation of dying by cold in the snow, that he always afterward resented his rescue.

Dr. Hunter, in his latest moments, grieved that he "could not write how easy and delightful it is to die."

The work of the ministry is peculiarly adapted to the collection of reliable testimony to verify John Wesley's statement that "our people die well." All God's people so die, though no two deaths are the same.

A splendid youth, whose brother had died only a few weeks before, said to his mother, who, with heavy eyes, but with unconquerable devotion, was sitting at his bedside: "Mother, I hear Willie calling me." Long had they been playmates.

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"No, no, my child," said the mother, "there is no sound in this room."

"But, mother, listen, I do hear music."

"There is no music here, my child."

"Yes, mother, I must go; Willie is calling." And his spirit left his body so gently, so silently that the mother could not mark the exact instant, but she, too, caught a glimpse of Heaven through whose open portals two of her dear boys had passed.

Many, many years afterwards, that same mother, then eighty-three years of age, approached the time of her own glorification. She repeated over and over again the twenty-third psalm, and other scriptures which had been her favorite daily manna; she prayed with and for her minister who visited her in her sickness; for the text upon which she asked her minister to make a few remarks, she selected: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Her mind was intensely alert to all that was going on around her, but no less alert to "Heaven rising on her view."

I knew a woman so unspeakably happy in the midst of most dreadful pain, that she wanted to shout the high praises of God, but she told me she was unable to do so, because she would thus increase her physical agonies. But her face was as radiant as that of an angel, and that radiancy was marked upon her face for days after the happy spirit had left her body.

Another such a face now comes before me out of the shadows of memory; it is that of an Irish lady who had been a sufferer for a long time; when the last moment came, she opened wide her eyes, a smile played upon her lips, and she simply said the word, "Father!" And with that vision and smile and heavenly beauty carved by the sculptor angel, Death, she swiftly fled into her Father's arms.

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Dying? What is dying? Luther F. Beecher answers that question as follows:

"What is dying? I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze, and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to meet and mingle with each other; then someone at my side says: 'There! She's gone!' Gone where? Gone from my sight—that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination. Her diminished size is in me and not in her.

And just at that moment when someone at my side said: 'There! She is gone!' there are other eyes that are watching for her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: 'There she comes!' And this is dying."

But what of the further side of Borderland. Still less is known of that side than of this. What will be our first impressions after the spirit has left the body? Where shall we find ourselves then? Whom shall we first see? What will be our physical environment? What will be our thoughts and emotions? What did the Saviour mean when He said: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise?" What is meant by a "third Heaven"? Is there then, a first and a second Heaven, lower states than the third? And is the third reserved for a still more remote reward and inheritance? What is the real Hades? Is there more than one Capital City? Are there gradations of joy, of honor, of nearness to God? Do these gradations correspond to different localities, one of which, perhaps the lowest, being called Paradise? Are there more stars in some crowns than in others? Are there starless crowns that still are crowns? How the questions multiply,

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naturally leading us through Borderland into Heaven itself, whose ultimate mysteries no one can penetrate. Each must answer these, and many similar questions, for himself, and as he pleases and best can under the lights of revelation, reason and faith.

May it not be that when our eyes first open in the spiritual realm, on that line which divides Borderland from Paradise, we shall first see the familiar faces of some who have come down to that line to welcome us, and to escort us to the "mansions prepared"? Perchance, a mother, a father, a child, a brother or sister, or a dear friend? Or, it may be a happy throng of the "blood-washed," and they attended by angels who have been our "ministering spirits." Whoever it may be, our hearts will thrill, and there will be a sweet home feeling, a feeling of joy, of peace and victory, while a thousand eager questions will leap to our lips, just as our escorts too, will be eager to tell us a thousand things they have learned from their residence there.

Thus, I believe that among our earliest sensations and experiences will be a most delightful self-consciousness that we are really and certainly in Heaven; then, the recognition of voices, of faces, of families, the "long lost and wept," and a feeling of rest and Home, of perfect satisfaction such as we never had before, and already the kindling ardor of gratitude and praise, and a strong desire to see Him who has been the Giver of it all.

We may not be able at once, perhaps not for centuries, to endure the insufferable glories of God's immediate presence, any more than we could now endure the closest proximity to the sun. We shall certainly feel his radiance, and bask our souls in it, and we shall know Him as never before, but under what limitations, conditions and immediate environments, we cannot tell. As here, we pass from infancy to youth, from youth to middle life, and on to maturity, so, it may be, it will be yonder, and our surroundings,

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our proximity to God may have something to do with our spiritual state and the number of years we have spent in Yonderland.

One thing is certain, that always and forever there will be more to follow, to attain; something still to learn; heights always unattained; achievements yet unmade, but lingering in our minds and hearts, and beckoning us on and up; more to love with a deeper and sweeter affection, and more to do for Him whom then we will only begin to love as He has always deserved.

HOW IS HEAVEN ATTAINED?

Beneath Thy hammer, Lord, I lie
With contrite spirit prone:
O, mould me till to self I die,
And live to Thee alone.

With frequent disappointments sore,
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord! Thy hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess,
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

Smite! till from all my idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but Thee,
And have no will but Thine.

—*F. H. Hedge.*

CHAPTER XX.

HOW IS HEAVEN ATTAINED?

THERE is a prevalent universalism which draws no lines, and makes no exclusions; it is impossible to reconcile it with the bible; we must give up the one or the other. There is also a bald, often a brazen rationalism, and scientific (?) philosophical materialism which brushes aside the inspiration of the Book, the divinity of our Lord, the subjective experience of millions of saints, brushes it all aside by a single audacious sweep of the New Philosophy, aided by materialistic evolution, and substitutes nothing but vague theories which rest upon nothing and lead nowhere.

The classification of the Scriptures, as to human character, is very simple; it is a "right" and "left," a "sheep" and "goat," a "bitter" and "sweet," a "light" and "dark" classification, and that is all,—two classes described by their synonyms and anti-nyms. It has been contended, however, that there should be a third class; that this two-fold classification is unscientific, narrow and unphilosophical; that there are millions who, if they are not "sheep," are just as certainly not "goats", and, hence, they have invented a middle term. There is an animal in the mountains of South America which is neither sheep nor goat, but partakes of the nature of both, and is known as the alpaca. Is there such a type of men? Is Purgatory a logical necessity from which all such will finally emerge with all the "goat" eliminated from their nature, and stand as "sheep" at last in the Master's fold?

The Book knows nothing save a two-fold classification:

"He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad."

"And He saith unto him: 'Friend, how camest thou hither

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not having a wedding garment?' And he was speechless."

"And He shall set the sheep on the right hand, but the goats on the left."

"Then shall He also say unto them on the left hand, 'Depart from me, ye cursed.'"

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy let him be filthy still."

These, and many similar scriptures, and, in fact, the whole tone and trend,—the entire system of divine truth is founded upon this simple, two-fold classification of "believers" and "unbelievers", those who accept the Gospel, and those who reject it.

This, then, brings us logically, to our first conclusion as to the attainment of Heaven; primarily and fundamentally, it must include the acceptance of Jesus Christ and His salvation, which always eventuates in such transformation of character as to make fitness for Heaven; it involves the preparation which is necessary for Heaven both as a state and a place.

Heaven is irrevocably, scripturally, and philosophically bound up with Jesus Christ as God, and as the divine Author of the atonement, and as the moral Governor of this world. The death-blow of Unitarianism is found in the single statement that "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

We see already that Heaven is not for all; that certain classes, according to their faith and characters, are excluded. How searching is the following from Hebrews:—

"But ye are come to Mt. Sion, and unto the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable

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company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in Heaven; and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel."

"Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived, neither fornicators nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Here is divine classification; here is exclusion, or separation based upon moral character; according to this passage, there are, at least, eleven kinds of people who cannot enter Heaven.

Heaven must be first a subjective attainment, as we have explained in the chapter on "Heaven as a State and a Place." It is first a moral achievement, a spiritual accomplishment through the help of God, and the grace of Jesus Christ; otherwise there would be no fitness, no correspondence with environment, and, consequently, there could be no joy, but only friction, misery, death.

There must always be the spirit of the inspired poet who sang:

"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?"

"There is none that I desire on earth but Thee."

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me into glory." How beautifully the two sides of Heaven are here set forth. First, to walk in all the "counsel of God," then the "glory."

One can never drift heavenward; both the state and the place are attainments, the result of God-inspired efforts and voluntary election covering the entire period of one's life. There is not a step of the whole way, from beginning

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to end, where one may not fail; not a league of the whole voyage where shipwreck may not be made; and it is well for us to know that temptations are more numerous in middle life and beyond than in any other period of the battle. Heaven is only for those who are faithful *unto* and *to* death.

The several steps of the subjective attainment are contained in the following simple category: Believe—Halt—Turn—Look—Onward, with Christ in the heart, the Book as your spiritual guide, sin under your feet, while Faith and Hope look steadily to God and Heaven, and Love is the new power that now controls all the life.

“Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the blessed are.”

Nothing is sweeter, and nothing pays better even here, than to live and work for Heaven. The Father smiles upon all such as attune their lives to Heaven’s spiritual harmonies, and His smile and approval are to His children what sunshine is to a plant, or what the sound of the trumpet is in the ear of a warrior. We, as God’s saints are the busy bees gathering “loot” for Heaven. Dost thou remember Shakespeare’s lines:—

“Make loot of Summer’s velvet buds,
Which pillage they, with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor;
He, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold?”

Thus we live under “roofs of gold” and in the midst of all that is sweet, and pure, and wholesome and good, and

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He, our Emperor surveys with pleasure the honied treasure that we store above.

Another invariable characteristic of those who are already in the possession of Heaven, is their interest in others; they are not selfish in the possession of "the pearl of great price". It has been given to them as a gift; they know themselves to be unworthy of it, and, hence, their constant effort is to bestow it upon others.

The reader will remember the fitting verses with which Whittier closes his little poem, "The Two Rabbis."

"Long after, when his head-stone gathered moss,
Traced on the Targum marge of Onkelos,
In Ben Nathan's hand, these words were read:
Hope not the cure of sin till self be dead;
Forget it in Love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay, the angels will forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone,
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own."

With such a spirit, with such longing and effort, forever doing our best for Him, and as in His sight, our heavenward journey is as natural as is the return home after the day's work is done. We know that there is shelter and refreshment and warm welcome awaiting us; there is delightful correspondence; we fit into Heaven as Heaven fits into all our life, plans, motives, aspirations, and holy endeavors. Neither can sorrow or bereavement hinder or stay, or embitter us, but

"Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
So, by my woes, to be
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

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My tempted reader, what difference does it make whether we reach our destination in the one way or the other? It does, of course make some difference, for no one would choose the way of sorrow and long-continued trial; but, after all, there are sweet compensations, and the matter of the utmost importance is to reach the City at last, and to be "forever with the Lord."

"The Father's home has many rooms,
And each is fair;
And some are reached through gathered glooms
By silent stair:
But He keeps house and makes it Home
Whichever way the children come.
Plenty and peace are everywhere
His house within;
The rooms are eloquent with prayer,
The songs begin.
And dear hearts filled with love are glad,
Forgetting that they once were sad.
The Father's house is surely thine,
Therefore, why wait?
His lights of love through darkness shine,
The hour grows late;
Push back the curtains of thy doubt,
And enter,—none will cast thee out."

The school of Experience is often, usually a place of bitter things. Let us be patient; it is a part of our necessary training and discipline. Holland's lines are true:—

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder on which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

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Often failures, backslidings, tears, wrong motives, sins of omission and commission, but ever the unquenchable flame of holy desire, the longing for holiness; still the word of prayer, and devotion to the church, the maintenance of the forms of religion, still some Christian service rendered, —all under the kind Providence of God, keep our heads above the waves, and make us fit at last for our heavenly inheritance.

“Don’t say that fate’s against you,
My brother, if once you fail,
Be up and doing, thus only
Will your prayer and hope prevail.

Perhaps, you’re tired and tempted
By the evils which are rife;
But if in the fray you conquer,
You’re manlier for the strife.

Only the souls who bravely
Meet the opposing foe
Of an adverse fate can ever
The bliss of victory know.

Then go, in the strength of manhood,
Go, in the name of God,
Of Him who in Gethsemane
The path of anguish trod.

Stand by your weaker brother,
Stand for your own soul’s sake;
Open a way for freedom,
And sin’s dark barrier break.

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‘Quit you like men!’ Be steadfast!
For in your hands ye hold
All which belongs to the future,
All of its hopes untold.”

HEAVEN IN POETIC LITERATURE. .

In Alpine valleys, they who watch for dawn,
Look never to the east, but fix their eyes
On loftier mountain peaks of snow, which rise
To west or south. Before the happy morn
Has sent one ray of kindling red, to warn
The sleeping clouds along the eastern skies
That it is near,—flushing, in glad surprise,
These royal hills, for royal watchmen born,
Discover that God's great new day begins,
And, shedding from their sacred brows a light
Prophetic, wake the valley from its night.
Such mystic light as this a great soul wins,
Who overlooks earth's wall of grief and sins,
And, steadfast, always, gazing on the white
Great throne of God, can call aloud with deep,
Pure voice of truth, to waken them who sleep.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

CHAPTER XXI.

HEAVEN IN POETIC LITERATURE.

LAUS MORTIS.

Nay, why should I fear Death,
Who gives us life, and, in exchange, takes breath?

He is like cordial Spring
That lifts above the soil each buried thing.

Like Autumn, kind and brief—
The frost that chills the branches, frees the leaf.

Like Winter's stormy hours,
That spread their fleece of snow to save the flowers.

The lordliest of all things:
Life lends us only feet, Death gives us wings.

Fearing no covert thrust,
Let me walk onward, armed in valiant trust,—

Dreading no unseen knife,
Across Death's threshold step from life to life.

O, all ye frightened folk,
Whether ye wear a crown, or bear a yoke,

Laid in one equal bed,
When once your coverlet of grass is spread,

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE

What daybreak need ye fear?
The Love will rule you there that guides you here.

Where Life, the sower, stands,
Scattering the ages from his swinging hands,

Thou waitest, Reaper lone,
Until the multitudinous grain hath grown.

Scythe-bearer, when thy blade
Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid.

God's husbandman thou art,
In His unwithering sheaves to bind my heart.

—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

RE-UNION.

I think, sometimes, when sitting all alone,
What would it be to see the faces blest
Of those who long since entered into rest,
Whose brows with light celestial long since have shone?
What would it be to hear again the tone
Of voices that erst thrilled me through with love,
Whose music long since joined the choir above,
And left me silent in a wordless moan?
What would it be to hear the light steps steal
Over the threshold of my solitude?
O, vain, fond fancies of a yearning heart,
Be patient, and thou yet shalt feel
That chief among the joys of life renewed
Are the re-unions that can never part.

—*Caroline May.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

DEATH.

What if some morning when the stars are paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near?

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
This is our Earth, most friendly Earth, and fair:
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air.

There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer,—
His name is Death; flee, lest he find thee here.

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elms the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take me by the hand, and say: "My name is Death."
—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
No traveler ever reached this blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars on his road.
—*William Cowper.*

Genius spreads its wings,
And soars beyond itself, or selfish things;
Talent has need of stepping-stones; some cross,
Some cheated purpose, some great pain or loss,
Must lay the groundwork, and arouse ambition,
Before it labors onward to fruition.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

A SONG OF TRUST.

Though all my way, dear Lord, may be
A shadowy place,
Content am I, if I may see
At last, Thy face.

What though the friends, the best beloved,
Depart from me,
And life's best joys be far removed—
I'll still trust Thee.

And following on, my prayer shall be
That, afterwhile,
Heaven's gates may open unto me,
And show Thy smile.

—*Sarah Ellis Summerland.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

DO THEY FORGET?

Do they love us still, those spirits bright,
Who far from our homes have sped?
Do they love us still in those realms of light,
Our blissful, beautiful dead?

Do those dear ones safe in the heavenly land
Ne'er think of the loved ones here,
Who are missing the touch of a loving hand,
The tone of a voice most dear?

Do they talk as they climb the painless hills,
In familiar converse sweet,
Of those who are treading earth's pathways still,
With weary and wayworn feet?

Ah no! though their light in this world has paled,
Dream not that their hearts forget,
Can we doubt their love, when it never failed?
Aye, we know that they love us yet.

They call our names in the twilight gray,
When the shadows of evening fall,
Those sweet, low voices from far away,
In heavenly cadence call.

Full often they stand at the Beautiful Gate,
When God's children are gathering home,
And with eager, expectant faces wait
To see if their own have come.

O, those loving hearts in the realms above,
That in life we can ne'er forget,
We know they are watching with eyes of love,
We know that they love us yet.

—Charlotte D. Wilbur.

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

BEYOND TO-DAY.

If we could see beyond to-day
As God can see;
If all the clouds should roll away,
The shadows flee—
O'er present griefs we would not fret,
Each sorrow we would soon forget,
For many joys are waiting yet
For you and me.

If we could know beyond to-day,
As God doth know,
Why dearest treasures pass away,
And tears must flow—
And why the darkness leads to light,
Why dreary paths will soon grow bright,
Some day life's wrongs will be made right,
Faith tells us so.

If we could see, if we could know,
We often say!
But God in love a veil doth throw
Across the way;
We cannot see what lies before,
And so we cling to Him the more,
He leads us till this life is o'er,
Trust and obey.

—*Christian Work.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

My work on earth is well-nigh done,
I wait the setting of the sun.
I hear the surging of the sea
That beats upon Eternity.
I see far off the shadowy realm,
And thither turn the trembling helm.
The winds that blow so cold and drear
Grow softer as the end draws near.
The distant gleams of silver light
Relieve the darkness of the night.
There stand upon the misty shore
Faint forms of loved ones gone before.
The voice that once said: "Peace, be still!"
Now whispers softly, "Fear no ill."
I sail alone, yet not alone,
The Saviour takes me for His own.
I wait His greeting when I land,
I wait the grasp of His loved hand.

—*Thomas M. Clark.*

Aged ninety years.

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

SHUT IN.

"Shut in," Ah, well, my body lies
Confined and pent these walls between,
The while my happy spirit flies
As free as dancing wavelet's sheen.
Three angels softly press the key
That holds my soul in sombre thrall;
Then lightly float and whisper me,
God's mercy and His love for all.

With one, the angel of the Past,
I tread the paths of childhood's days;
I laugh and shout and lightly cast
All care aside for childhood's plays.
I wander through fair orchard aisles,
I pluck the fruitage red and gold,
Heap hoards of nuts in fragrant piles,
And golden hours rich blessings hold.

The Present angel comes to me,
A wondrous gift within her hands,
Through books we sail on distant sea,
And wander far in foreign lands;
We mingle with the struggling throng
That toil within the great world's shops,
With jostling crowds are borne along
To deepest mines, to mountain tops.

And then the dearest of the three,
Sits down at eve beside my bed,
The angel of the blest To-be,
When all of life and light are fled.
A future bright she holds in view,
Through lowly doorway hid by sod:
O, soul, be patient, brave and true,
What glories wait who walk with God.

—*Irene Pomeroy Shields.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

LOOK UPWARD.

Fix thy thoughts on higher things! Lift thine eyes
Above the dust that grimes thy tired feet,
Above the mire and garbage of the street;
Look upward, till thy glance shall sweep the skies,
And on the wings of faith thy spirit rise.

When thou hast made earth's pilgrimage complete,
Thy task well done—eternal rest is sweet;
Look up, toil on, for God's grace satisfies.

Crave not the dross and vanities of earth—
Escape its envies, strifes, pretense and dearth
Of purity. Look up through faith and live
To strive for nobler ends than earth can give;
Look upward still above the cross to see
Thy heritage of immortality.

—*Margaret Scott Hall.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

“FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.”

The way is dark, my Father. Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely Home
Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father, and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O, Father, take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child.

The way is long, my Father, and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand:
Quickly and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate
Thy child.

The path is rough, my Father. Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand.
Then safe and blest
Lead up to rest
Thy child.

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

The throng is great, my Father. Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about;
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father, take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child.

The cross is heavy, Father. I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest Land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And reaching down,
Lead to a crown
Thy child.

Henry N. Cobb.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon Heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

—*Wm. A. Muhlenberg.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

The Land beyond the sea!

When will life's task be o'er?

When shall we reach that soft, blue shore,

O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar?

When shall we come to Thee,

Calm Land, beyond the sea?

The Land beyond the sea!

How close it often seems,

When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;

And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams:

It longs to fly to Thee,

Calm Land, beyond the sea.

The Land beyond the sea!

Sometimes across the strait,

Like a draw-bridge to a castle-gate,

The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait

For us to pass to thee,

Calm Land, beyond the sea.

The Land beyond the sea!

Sometimes distinct and near,

It grows upon the eye and ear,

And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere:

We seem halfway to see

Calm Land beyond the sea.

The Land beyond the sea!

O, how the lapsing years

'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,

Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers

Of those we love to thee,

Calm Land beyond the sea.

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

The Land beyond the sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily and drearily we roam,
With outstretched arms to thee,
Calm Land beyond the sea.

The Land beyond the sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years, more swiftly run,
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm Land beyond the sea.

The Land beyond the sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen toward night?
Dear Land, look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm Land beyond the sea.

The Land beyond the sea!
Sweet is thy endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's breast
Upon thy shores eternally possess;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the sea!

—*Frederick William Faber.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

“Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We’ll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we’ll understand.

We’ll catch the broken thread again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will mysteries explain,
And then, ah, then, we’ll understand.

We’ll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
’Tis there, sometime, we’ll understand.

Why what we longed for most of all,
Eludes so oft, our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed, and castles fall,
Up there, sometime, we’ll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand,
Sometime, with tearless eyes, we’ll see;
Yes, there, up there, we’ll understand.”

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

IN THE VALLEY.

I tread in the vale of the shadow, but it hath no shade for
me,
Since One is by my side from whom the darkness far doth
flee;
Illumined is all the pathway by the brightness of His face,
And at each new step I prove anew His covenant of grace.

Across my way, full well I know, the river swift doth glide,
But He will stay its hurrying course, or help me stem the
tide;
I care not which, I cannot fear with His strong arm around;
The fastest flood is so more safe than else were solid ground.

I can almost hear the rushing, and shall soon the waters
see;
But nearing them I near my Home, so the sight will wel-
come be;
And the passage will be quickly made unto the further
shore,
Where wait the dear ones who the wave have breasted
just before.

Yes, I am in the valley, and in front the river flows;
But the Guardian of my earliest steps doth guard the jour-
ney's close,
And not a trace of trouble is in my trustful heart—
Except that for the friends I grieve who grieve from me to
part.

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

But their night of weeping soon will end, for the glad morn
comes apace,
When they and I and all God's own shall see Him face to
face,
And give each other greeting, no more farewells to say—
Where the strand of life eternal shines in the light of death-
less day.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

A SONG OF HEAVEN.

I will sing you a song of the heavenly Land,
The land of my visions and dreams:
I long to be there in its radiance to stand,—
More real than this earth-life it seems.

Let me sing of a heart that is panting to-day
For surcease from sorrow and pain,
A heart that is loyal to God and His way,
And is cleansed from iniquity's stain.

I will sing of the friends that are waiting me there,
Whose moments are filled with delight,
They are happy with Jesus, and they breathe on the air,
Or, their glory, they shout with their might.

I sing of the angels that hover around,
And, sometimes, the rustling of wings,
Like velvety melody's tenderest sound,
To my soul, in sweet music, it sings.

I will sing of my Saviour, the only and best,
My Friend and Redeemer is He;
Even here on His bosom my soul findeth rest,
But what raptures when Him I shall see.

—*Alfred Kummer.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

WAITING.

“I am waiting for the dawning
Of that bright and blessed day,
When the darksome night of sorrow
Shall have vanished far away;
When, forever with the Savior,
Far beyond this vale of tears,
I shall swell the song of worship
Through the everlasting years.

I am looking for the brightness,
(See, it shineth from afar!)
Of the clear and joyous beaming
Of the ‘Bright and Morning Star’;
Through the dark gray mist of morning
Do I see its glorious light;
Then away with every shadow
Of this sad, and weary night.

I am waiting for the coming
Of the Lord who died for me;
O, His words have thrilled my spirit,
‘I will come again for thee!’
I can almost hear His footfall
On the threshold of the door,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be His forevermore.”

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

WE REST IN THEE.

Life's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion
As in and out its hollow meanings flow;
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding,—not explaining;
We ask, and Thou art silent—yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining
No crushing fate—no stony destiny?
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in Thee!

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

THE SWEETEST THINGS.

What are the sweetest things on earth?
The souls transformed by heavenly birth;
The cups of crystal waters given
In name of Him, the King of Heaven.

A radiant Hope, triumphant Faith,
A Christian's victory over Death,
The glance, the touch, the tones of Love,
The sunshine streaming from above.

What are the sweetest things below?
The storms, or fiery furnace glow,
Or other forms of chastening rod,
So they reveal the form of God.

What are the sweetest things of earth?
They're moral goodness, manly worth,
A woman's love, and childhood's glee,
A sinner saved, a spirit free.

A gift with its unselfish giver,
A character like crystal river,
A holy life, a snow-crowned head,
A youth and maiden purely wed;

A home of peace, of prayer and praise,
The nights' repose and busy days,
A battle won, unconscious worth,—
These are the sweetest things of earth.

—*Alfred Kummer.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

FAR FRAE MY HAME.

“I am far frae my hame, an’ I’m weary aftenwhiles
For the langed-for hame bringin’, an’ my Father’s welcome
smiles,
And I’ll ne’er be fu’ content until my een do see
The gowden gates of Heaven, an’ my ain countree;
The earth is flecked wi’ flowers, mony tinted, fresh and gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an’ these soun’s will as naething be to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I’ve His gude word of promise that some gladsome day the
King
To His ain royal Palace, His banished, Hame will bring,
Wi’ een an’ wi’ heart runnin’ owre we shall see
The King in His beauty, an’ our ain countree.
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they’ll never vex me, nor be remembered mair,
For His bluid hath made me white, an’ His hand shall dry
my ee,
When He brings me Hame at last to my ain countree.

He is faithful that hath promised, and He’ll surely come
again,
He’ll keep His tryst wi’ me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an’ ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.
So I’m watching aye, an’ singin’ o’ my hame as I wait,
For the soun’ing o’ His footfa’ this side the gowden gate,
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha’ listens noo to me,—
That we all may gang in gladness to our ain countree.”

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

THE GLORY SONG.

“When all my labors and trials are o’er
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

CHORUS.

O, that will be glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me,
When by His grace, I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me.

When by the gift of His infinite love,
I am accorded in Heaven a place,
Just to be there, and to look on His face,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago:
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet, just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will through the ages be glory for me.”

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

HOME.

There lies a little city in the hills;
White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,
And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm amid our shifting years,
Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred, as if through tears.

O heart, that prayest so for God to send
Some living messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the infinite Love will lead thee Home.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

VICTORY.

“Another of Adam’s race, through Jesus’ loving might,
Hath crossed the waste, hath reached the goal, hath van-
quished in the fight:—

Hail! brother, hail! We welcome thee! Join in our sweet
accord,

Lift up the burden of our song: ‘Salvation to our Lord!’

And now from out the glory, the living cloud of light,
The old familiar faces come beaming on his sight,
The early-lost, the ever-loved, the friends of long ago,
Companions of his conflicts and pilgrimage below.

They parted here in weakness, in suffering and gloom,
They meet amid the freshness of Heaven’s immortal bloom,
Henceforth in ever-during bliss to wander hand in hand,
Beside the living waters, of the still and sinless land.

O, who can tell the raptures of those to whom ’tis given
Thus to renew the bonds of earth amid the bliss of Heaven?
Thrice blessed be His holy name, who for our fallen race
Hath purchased, by His bitter pains, such plenitude of
grace.”

“Some day we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the fair hills of Paradise;
Some time, some day, our eyes shall see
The faces kept in memory.
So we will wait, though years move slow:
The happy time will come, we know.”

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

“There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.”

There is a home for the child of God
Whose sins have all been forgiven,
And the weary believer forgets his load
Of cares when he enters Heaven—
O ye! whose hearts are with grief opprest
Rejoice, for this world is not your rest.

There is a Friend in that world above,
And His love is deep and pure;
That Friend is Christ, and His arm is strong,
And His mercy is ever sure.
Hear this, O ye who love His name!
He knows the weakness of your frame.

And there is a heart in that world above,
With a love that is better than wine,
For O, how tender and large that heart,
And how filled with Love divine!
O ye, whose comforts below are few,
That heart is Christ's, and He cares for you!

And there are joys in that world above,
The highest and purest and best,
How sweet the news to a weary soul,
Of a near, eternal rest!
Rejoice and be glad, for you it is given
To suffer and trust, but your rest is in Heaven.

—*Dr. John Hall.*

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

I CAN WAIT.

“I know that Heaven lies just beyond
This earthly state;
That Christ Himself holds Death’s cold wand
So I can wait.

I know the dark mysterious ways
My feet may tread
Will all be plain when heavenly rays
Are on them shed.

I know the heart-aches of this life
Will all be healed
When the blessed peace that ends earth’s strife
Shall be revealed.

I know that mid the world’s turmoil
God giveth rest;
His arm is round me in its toil,
And I am blest.

I know that when my time shall come
To dwell above,
Jesus His child will welcome Home,
With tenderest love.

His angel guards will open wide
Heaven’s pearly gate,
And I shall then be satisfied,—
So I can wait.”

THE CITY THAT LIETH FOUR-SQUARE.

EARTH RECEDES.

Earth with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,
The gates of Death give way.

My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long,
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives
Low as the grave to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives;
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see,
Where dwells my Lord and King;
O, Grave where is thy victory?
O, Death, where is thy sting?

—*Alice Carey.*

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